

BRIAN PIERS
LASCELLES



B L332h

Hort

Brian Piers Lascelles.

212492

BOOK NO.

B L332h

ACCESSION

212492





SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 1223 00361 0467

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Careful usage of books is expected, and any injury or loss is to be paid for by the borrower. A fine of five cents will be imposed for each day or fraction thereof that this book is kept overtime.

SEE DATE WHEN DUE BELOW

Form 11—50M—8-24-T.

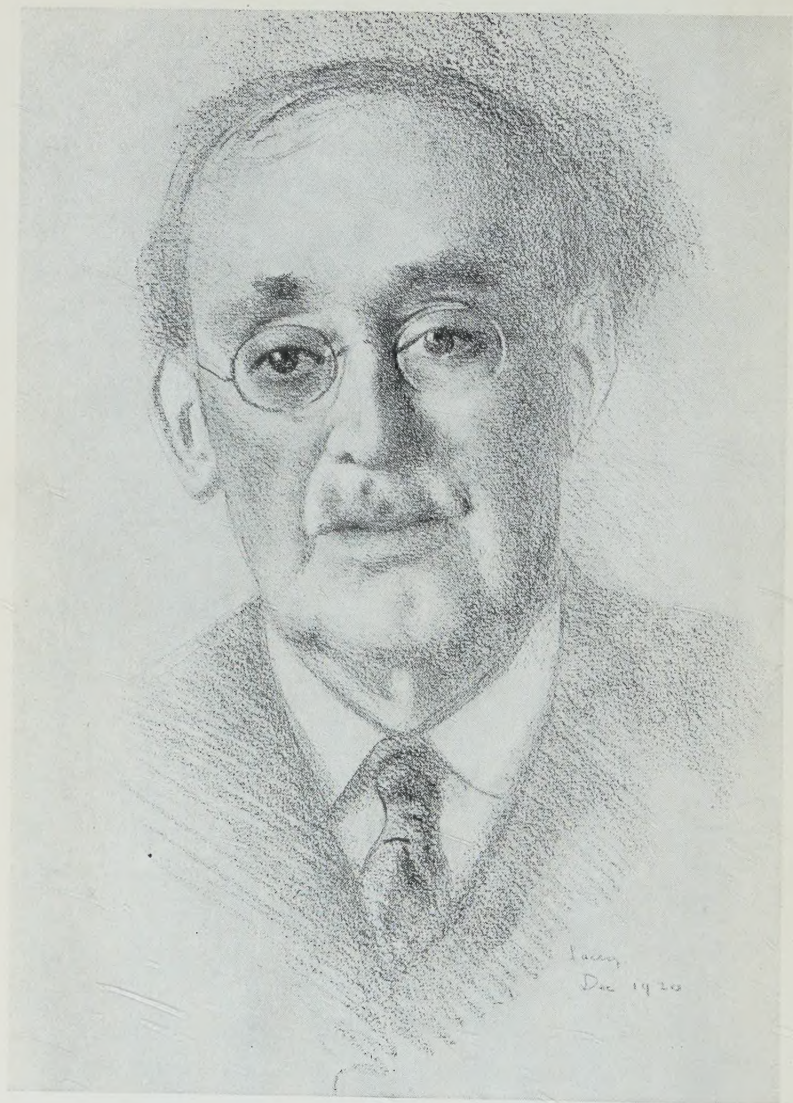
BRIAN PIERS LASCELLES

A Memoir



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-BTJ-897



BRIAN PIERS LASCELLES (AET. 61).

BRIAN PIERS LASCELLES

A Memoir Edited by

SIR ARTHUR FENTON HORT, BART., M.A.

OXFORD: BASIL BLACKWELL.

1924

3 1223 00361 0467

B
L 332 h

212492

PREFATORY NOTE

THE subject of this Memoir was perhaps known by sight to as many people as any of his contemporaries. When, as often happened, a stranger claimed previous acquaintance, he would answer : " Yes, there's more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows." But it is precisely because his abnormal height was not the only remarkable thing about him, that this little record has been put together. At the time of his death the obituary notices in the Press naturally dwelt chiefly on his remarkable stature, nor is it possible to think of him without remembering the peculiarity which, while it gave occasion to many a harmless jest, was in truth a real misfortune : to be stared at wherever one goes, and to be the victim of frequent impertinence, is not what anyone would desire for himself. Yet Brian Lascelles had schooled himself to bear with rarely failing good humour the fact that his appearance was extraordinary, with all that it involved. But it is in the belief that in mind and character also he was far from ordinary that some of his friends have contributed these chapters. At the time of his death one of these, the President of his college, Sir Herbert Warren, wrote of him in feeling words which may justify this brief memoir :—

" There are not many who can bear being always conspicuous : very few who remain quite natural and of even temper, if they are so. The late Mr. Brian Piers Lascelles would have been a man of large and wide knowledge, of charming and considerate courtesy, of unselfish and amiable character, of courage and public spirit, had he been of ordinary stature and physique. It takes an effort to realize what it meant that he was all this in spite of his handicap. To be the 'Magdalen Giant' and the 'Harrow

Giant ' was a tax on the heart and on the head, in more senses than one, and a daily and hourly tax. But the wearer of these titles paid that tax amply and cheerfully. He was beloved and esteemed deservedly in both places, and wherever he was personally known. . . . Few have lived a fuller, and very few a more useful life of Christian and kindly service."

CONTENTS

PREFATORY NOTE	i
The Editor.	
CHAPTER I.—EARLY YEARS	i
Mrs. Egerton Warburton.	
CHAPTER II.—OXFORD	5
The Rev. J. O. H. Carter.	
CHAPTER III.—HARROW SCHOOL	28
The Editor.	
CHAPTER IV.—TRAVELS AND FRIENDSHIPS.	47
A. Mrs. Walter Leaf.	
B. Miss Clare Lloyd-Baker.	
C. Miss Dorothy Moggridge.	
D. “Rowland Grey.”	
E. Mr. Henry Jenner.	
CHAPTER V.—CIVIC LIFE AT HARROW	77
Mr. A. K. Carlyon, D.L.	

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS, 1859-1879

MY brother, Brian Piers Lascelles, was the third son and youngest child of the Hon. Arthur Lascelles. His mother was a daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, of Norton Priory, Cheshire.

He was born at Norley, Cheshire, on the 31st of August, 1859. I do not think his childhood was a very joyous one. Long, thin and cold, he at first found life rather a struggle for existence, and indeed for some years it was never thought that he could be reared. However the unceasing care of a devoted mother and faithful nurses pulled him through, to develop later into a strong man. His thinness was extreme and his long bones seemed only sticks. He very soon became a voracious reader and spent most of his time lying full length on the floor reading anything which came to hand. To the surprise of us others who did not care much about instruction out of lesson hours, he used to devour 'Peter Parley,' old fashioned books which I believe gave him the tastes for many of his later hobbies. He was never strong enough to go to school, nor was he taught much at home, but having a wonderful memory he educated himself.

His boyhood was uneventful, as he could never join in any outdoor pursuits. In 1868 he went to his first Tutor, the Rev. T. R. Laugharne. In 1872 he went to the Rev. J. W. Kewley, at Armitage, Staffordshire. There his taste for Chemistry developed. I have a diagram of an apparatus he constructed at the cost of 1s. 5d., using all sorts of ingenious substitutes, such as umbrella ribs for a tripod and old clay pipe-stems instead of glass tubing. All his requests for money at this time were for the purpose of scientific

experiments. At home he had an attic as his laboratory, and he there put up an electric battery, which worked! We always feared he would one day blow the roof off the house.

He got through most of his growing young. In 1872, aged 13, he was 6ft. 2ins. ; at the age of 16 he was 6ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins., and it was then that he looked most remarkable, for he had such a young boyish good-looking face on the top of a veritable broom-stick of a figure. In spite of his length he was extraordinarily lissom and could twist himself into any shape, even to folding himself into the little box on the stage in Maskelyne and Cook's cabinet trick, when the showman had to bind him on honour not to look over the top of the cabinet to see how the trick was done. He had two offers from shows. When he was 15, visiting Southport, he came across an agent for Barnum's Circus, who offered him £300 for a year's tour with them in America. His mother was fearful lest he should be kid-napped off the sands. The other offer was from a man who was showing dwarfs at Nottingham fair, who invited him to join "as a contrast to his little people." He was always mobbed when travelling. Once in Birmingham he was noticed going into a shop, and on coming out we found the street so blocked that it was most difficult to get through. Luckily he was not sensitive about his height, but rather enjoyed making little sensations, such as lighting his cigarette at some inaccessible gas jet. His ultimate height was 6ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. in stockings, and he walked well over 6ft. 10in.

In 1877 Brian went to the Rev. H. Seymour, Rector of Holme Pierrepont, where he spent two very happy years amid congenial surroundings.

By now he was stronger and able to study more, though he was never very good at applying to book-work. His then Tutor, the Rev. H. Swithinbank, says of him : "He showed no common faculty of co-ordinating knowledge and pointedly applying it. Altogether his capacity was considerable, but quite unacademic and far removed from



ART. 10

Face p. 2

the Grammar School type." Brian had also learned to fence while at Holme Pierrepont, which improved his muscular strength. His holidays were still spent mostly lying full length on the floor reading ; he seemed to absorb knowledge and had a remarkable power of imparting it to others and clearly explaining the most abstruse subjects to the unlearned. He was our authority on all matters, and his witty sayings became household words. Always helpful, he was a most useful workman. No need of a ladder when he was at home. He was in great request at village entertainments for songs and recitations, which he enjoyed giving. In 1879 he passed in to Magdalen College, Oxford.

I do not like to close these reminiscences without some mention of Brian's trips to the Bavarian Tirol, a country and people very dear to his heart. He toured there with his sisters in 1879, 1881, and 1883, and several times by himself. He seemed to have an affinity with the peasants, and could understand and talk with them, though he had never learned German. One memorable afternoon he proposed to me that we should go and see the artist, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who was staying in a village near. It was a six mile walk through lovely country. Brian seemed to get intoxicated with the beautiful scenery, and strode along twirling his hat on his stick and jödeling in true Tirolese fashion. We found the great artist, in local costume, at work in his studio. He was painting a set of "Scenes from Bavarian Peasant Life" in water colour, which were later exhibited in Bond Street. He was in a merry mood and was most kind to us on that and two subsequent visits.

Travelling with Brian was always full of amusing incidents. On one occasion we had made a long drive in pouring rain and he got very wet and cold. At noon we arrived at an inn to which was attached a large dining room with windows on all sides and a balcony all round. To warm himself, Brian started running round and round this balcony to the amazement of the German tourists

who were dining. The murmur within gradually rose to a roar of applause as they watched this extraordinary apparition flying past each window in succession. Many a time at stations did small porters climb up to mark the spot which Brian's head had reached on some building. All jokes of this sort he enjoyed himself quite as much as did the rest of the party who were onlookers.

RUTH EGERTON WARBURTON.

CHAPTER II

OXFORD, 1879-1885

MY knowledge of Brian Lascelles goes back to the spring of 1883¹ in Oxford, and ended with a visit to him at Harrow not long before his death. During the whole of that time our friendship continued without a break, and there was never a year when we did not meet; nor was there ever a shadow of disagreement of any sort between us, though there was always plenty of the good-humoured banter which prevails among true friends. This unbroken friendship is perhaps worth recording, because it is a little unusual. Even with very close friends it is often impossible, as many know to their cost. It is only a determined effort on both sides which keeps up without any serious gaps an intimacy of 39 years. One of the foundations of our friendship was, I feel sure, an instinct which for years kept me from ever referring to the fact that he was taller than most men. One felt from the first how tired he must be of the obvious personalities to which a man of over 6 feet 10 inches is subjected by witless undergraduates, as well as by the ordinary, too ordinary, passer by. He always, in response to such impertinences, at once shrank into himself, and put on a look almost of *hauteur* which quelled the boldest, when nervous and comparatively minute persons of either sex showed by their manner that they were conscious of the great gap which existed in 'longitude,' and too often in *savoir faire*, between him and them. Casual passers-by would sometimes stop him in the street with: "I beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind telling me your exact height?" to which he had the stereotyped reply: "I have no objection to your asking the question, but it is one to which I make it a practice not to give an answer."

¹ See p. 20.

The caricaturists found him, of course, only too easy a subject for their humour, and Shrimpton's window was full of their efforts. One depicted him as skating on the Cherwell, the long legs of the Colossus forming a bridge under which other skaters found their way. In another he is seen leaning gracefully on the Great Tower, on the top of which appears a pleasant picture of Walter Parratt, then organist of Magdalen, his hair standing on end, conducting the May Day Hymn. In a third a diminutive proctor is shouting reproof or instruction to him through a megaphone. Yet another travesty is a warning against being photographed in the hat of the period—in this case a 'bowler'—so quickly do even male fashions change. The beard which he wore from undergraduate days till a few years before his passing over was certainly unusual, though whiskers were a not infrequent ornament of the undergraduate of the seventies and early eighties. He was not unduly sensitive about reasonable personal comments from intimate friends, however much he might resent the rude curiosity of strangers. Indeed he would sometimes even forestal the natural astonishment of those who saw him for the first time by calling attention to his own abnormality. His little joke, when introducing one of his favourite recitations, Lewis Carroll's 'Hiawatha's photography'—"By Longfellow, I didn't write it myself" was very rarely observed by audiences, so gravely did he make the announcement.

In connection with the look of dignity to which I have referred, I may add here that the tendency to dogmatise, to lecture learnedly out of season, and to pose as 'beak' in private life, was always checked with a very firm hand by one of the few people who ever, I suppose, dared to do so.¹ The usual course was to compliment him with a

¹ One who has been privileged to be present at some of these encounters may be allowed to add that he did not know which to admire most, the *bonhomie* of the attack or the repentant laughter in which the defence collapsed. *Ed.*



AN OXFORD CARICATURE (AET. 21).

perfectly serious face on his gifts as actor or improvisator ; or to express the greatest admiration of his ability to speak at shortest notice, or even with no notice, on subjects of which he knew little or nothing. He never resented this rather crude method of badinage, but invariably broke into that delightful laughter which, with his keen sense of humour, was one of his greatest charms. Personal violence was resorted to only in extreme cases. He used to retort in later years by never missing an opening, when anything was said which could be twisted into an accusation of using a word or phrase that was ' parsonic.' Not that he ever made fun unkindly of parsons or the parsonic touch.

But to return to those first wonderful months of Magdalen and our friendship. An acquaintance, senior to myself, had invited himself to lunch in my room. For we had a custom peculiar to Magdalen, that the host put down in the kitchen first his own name and then the names of his guests, before selecting the menu for all. The cost of the solid part of the meal was afterwards divided equally between host and guests, while the former provided wine, things to smoke, and such etceteras as the Junior Common Room offered by way of luxuries. This plan gave men an opportunity of lunching on most days in one another's rooms, and of getting to know one another, without finding a heavy account for kitchen and buttery in ' battels ' at the end of the week. The name of one stranger might be added by the host without special permission from tutors, but a hot lunch for out-of-college guests was a matter for which leave had to be obtained. So on this occasion my friend asked if he might bring Lascelles too, adding, " He is a good chap " ; and of course I said " Please do." But I hardly expected the ' good chap ' to begin our acquaintance by peering over the top of the door of my room as he came in, and spying on me from thence. Yet this is what his unusual height for the moment gave him the appearance of doing.

Our chief and first friend in common was Charles Caesar Hawkins, a clever Etonian who came up with a demyship and afterwards took firsts in 'Mods.' and 'Greats.' A bad illness at Eton had somewhat arrested his growth, so that he was a little less than the average height, just as Lascelles was a good deal over it. We three used to meet almost every night in my rooms, and often sang trios for men's voices when we could get no fourth for a quartet. This unaccompanied music had long been a great tradition of the College, the four choral scholars (Academical Clerks, as we were called) forming the nucleus of ATTB singing, while the choir boys, as well as some of the undergraduate and senior members of the college, the chaplains, and such fellows as were musically inclined, joined in the Saturday night college madrigal society's practices for the concert always given in Hall on the night of the Encaenia.

The three choral clerks whom I found at Magdalen were senior men ; and of these only Basil Johnson, a son of the Dean of Wells, afterwards of Rugby and now of Eton, remained till the Christmas of 1883. In October of that year arrived L. D'A. Hildyard, known later as a cricket 'blue' and member of the Lancashire eleven ; he became in succession chaplain of Christ Church, minor canon of Windsor, and rector of Rowley, Yorkshire. In those days he had a capital baritonic tenor voice. In the same term came H. W. Webster, familiarly known as 'The Burglar,' on account of his supposed resemblance to the conventional representations of Bill Sykes ; and, when Johnson went down, there came A. A. Jackson from Charterhouse, afterwards chaplain of the college, vicar of Horspath, and rector of the college living of Ashurst in Sussex.

These four completed our quartet, and their story is so inseparably interwoven with that of Brian Lascelles that no memoir of him could possibly be complete without some mention of them. Still less could one in this connection omit the name of John Varley Roberts, organist of the college, whose first choir appointment was that of

the present writer as choral scholar. He had come, on Sir Frederick Ouseley's recommendation, as Sir Walter Parratt's successor. No two men could have been less alike in musical standards, activities, and methods than Roberts and his predecessor. Both were musical geniuses, but on entirely different lines—lines which were parallel rather than convergent. Having at that time little public work to do out of college, Roberts was thrown into the society of the 'academicals,' who had at once recognised his extraordinary qualities, social and other. Many an evening he spent with us and as one of us; to that generation at least of Magdalen undergraduates he was always a welcome and most original guest. His Yorkshire heartiness, his peculiar vein of humour, his amazing habit of saying the least expected things to the most distinguished and dignified persons, were a never-failing source of delight to us all; a separate book would be needed, if I were to try to tell one half of the stories which the name of J. V. R. recalls. No truer friend to his friends ever existed, while it should be added that he had an uncanny way of sensing who were *not* his friends. "No friend of mine," he was fond of saying, and he would make the rejection clear to the man himself with an engaging frankness. He was however always ready to find good qualities in others. He hated sham and hypocrisy, he was touchingly appreciative of appreciation. At our little parties he was a constant attendant, and he loved nothing better than to take a part in our glees—which his unblending voice invariably ruined. He never quite forgave me for telling him that true but unpalatable fact. No party then was complete without B.P.L. and J.V.R.

Let it be granted that each generation of men which comes up to Magdalen thinks its particular period of three or four years the most interesting and wonderful that ever was. That is only natural and as it should be; it is easy to assert and impossible to disprove. Were there really "giants in those days" in more senses than one? There is

no doubt whatever that at the time that was the last thing that it would ever have occurred to us to believe. But Lascelles, Hildyard and I had one great pull over the ordinary undergraduate: we were none of us boys at the time of which I am writing. Lascelles had taken his degree before I came up, and was living in rooms in Holywell and working at the Museum. Hildyard and I had both done three years of teaching before we came to Oxford to be taught. Our quartet, or sextet including Roberts and Lascelles, certainly had a keen sense of the humorous aspects of men and things. We all shared, perhaps prided ourselves upon, a love of the Bohemian and unconventional, which often brought on us scoldings from our more precise and proper friends, who were apt to hint that while we thought ourselves Bohemian, we only succeeded in being Boeotian. A further bond was the desire in us all to get to know well everyone, of whatever grade or rank, that we came across anywhere. And if he proved worthy—for of course we occasionally struck 'bad hats,' as we used to call them, and suffered accordingly—we endeavoured to keep his friendship. We knew far better at 23 how to choose our real friends, those who were likely to be lasting friends, than the ordinary 'man' of 18 or 19. At all events we got fun out of the virtues and foibles of dons and undergraduates, the chaplains, the lay clerks, the past as well as the present 'academical' members of the choir, the college servants. From the President to the youngest Junior Common Room boy-servant all were fish that came to our comprehensive net; and, if they proved to be dog-fish, why, so much the worse for them.

Lascelles was naturally well known in general Oxford society. Among his closest friends were Professor and Mrs. Max Müller; other senior friends were Professor Odling, Professor Montagu Burrows, who, after being a Captain in the Navy, came to Oxford as Chichele Professor of Modern History, A. H. D. Acland, afterwards Education Minister, and Mrs. Acland, and Professor Harcourt, through whom it

came about that he went to Harrow. It was probably Professor E. B. Tylor who first gave him an interest in anthropology, which remained one of his most constant hobbies. Such men, and many others, were attracted to him by his gifts, his wide interests, and his capacity for taking the trouble to master subjects outside the chemical work to which his attention had been specially directed by his advisers.

Last but very far from least on the roll of friendship must come the name of one of the most interesting of Magdalen characters. Far greater than any don, and better known than any other resident to all men of the eighties and of many other decades, was Richard Gunstone, the Junior Common Room 'man.' In our generation he was the special friend of Lascelles and of myself, and of all our chief allies. All the latest news of every college friend 'Gunner' had at his fingers' ends, and he knew exactly the people in whom each was specially interested. He began his service of the college in President Routh's time, whose funeral he attended in 1855 at the age of fifteen. To him I am indebted for a copy of a very scarce caricature. In 1882 a Magdalen undergraduate, H. E. S. Holt, cut out from a college group the heads of every man in it, and added to each head a body which indicated what he guessed the man would be in 1900. All these pictures he stuck on to a large card, and had them photographed as a very unconventional group. In this group Lascelles, who really belonged, as I have said, to the generation preceding ours, is represented as a "giant, and a giant in intellect." The top of his hat is white, and running through it is the line of perpetual snow: he is smoking an appropriately huge pipe, and his nether garments are decorated with Masonic symbols; for he was already a member of the Craft.

Lascelles and I were devoted admirers of that truly remarkable clergyman 'Bob' Dolling. Nearly everyone at Magdalen loved Dolling, who was then in charge of the college mission at Maidman Street, E.C. In June, 1884,

we made a river tour from Oxford to Windsor, giving concerts for the mission ; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. D. Acland, as well as Lascelles, were of the party.

Early in 1884 there came into Lascelles' life a disappointment. I believe that I am the only friend whom he ever told of it, and I have never till now mentioned it to anyone else. In order to give him a thorough change of scene and thought we went in the Easter vacation for a tour in Rhineland. My plan was to go by the Batavier Line from Blackwall to Rotterdam, take luggage straight to the Dutch line of river steamers, spend the day in the Hague or Amsterdam, make the boat our hotel, and find ourselves next morning, while still in bed, going up the Maas. This plan suited my companion admirably, since railway travelling generally knocked him up, and the Dutch steamers had comfortable two-berthed cabins. In these there was room to put two sofas end to end for him, the berths being of course far too short for his length, and so to secure for him quite comfortable nights. In this way we avoided the difficulty which presented itself when he went to Canada one year with the British Association. On that occasion he had to take berths in two adjoining cabins and get the partition between the two removed. (On another occasion, when he was travelling from Marseilles to Piraeus, the extra long berth for which he had stipulated, as the condition on which he would join the party, was not provided, and it was said that, the weather being fine, he slept with one foot at least projecting from the port-hole.) At the Hague we had our only rather unpleasant experience. The sight of Lascelles' tall form walking about the streets, his great height no doubt emphasized by my brevity (" the long and the short of it," as someone once described us) was too much for the good people of Holland, and we soon began to be uncomfortably mobbed. When the crowd had grown to something like 200, we stepped into the nearest vehicle and drove swiftly to our steamer-refuge at Rotterdam. But this was the only time on our many jaunts together

that we suffered any serious inconvenience through excess of curiosity. I own that there were times, such as at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in 1892, and at Queen Victoria's funeral, when one felt that it was a pity that he was physically, as well as mentally, a head and shoulders above the vulgar throng. Yet for him this had its compensations, as he could get quite a comfortable view of the show or procession from the back of the biggest crowd. (A story used to be current that, when he was attending a wedding and was in a front pew, a lady behind said: "I do think it rude and irreverent of that gentleman to stand on the seat." The story was originally an invention of some mischievous friend; the curious thing is that, when the fiction had been current for many years it came true; the complaint was indeed once actually made.) Lascelles' wonderful gift of getting on (when he chose) with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children secured his being always a welcome guest at the riverside cafés. We danced if there was dancing, sang if there was singing; and the joy of the children at having a tame giant to play with, who could apparently swallow a metal napkin-ring, digest it comfortably, and be ready for more; who could purr, when his head was stroked, exactly like a real cat, and do no end of other parlour tricks, was a thing delicious and unforgettable.

This was a memorable tour; not less memorable were the very numerous occasions on which Lascelles and I travelled together about our own country on visits to friends in common, as well as on 'vagabond tours.'

An account of the origin of the first 'Magdalen Vagabonds' is given by L. S. Tuckwell in the appendix to his *Old Magdalen Days*. In July 1862 a party which included Compton Reade, John Stainer (then organist of the college) and L. S. Tuckwell, were on their way back to Oxford after giving concerts at Titchfield, near Fareham, when the proposal was made that the present company should form themselves into a society to be called 'The

Magdalen Vagabond Society' ; its object was to be " to give assistance to clergymen who desired their help (college incumbents having the preference) in the building or restoration of their churches or any other parochial institution for which they might be glad to have their help." This good work the original Vagabonds carried on from 1863 to 1873, the year after Dr. Stainer, who directed the tours, went to St. Paul's. In this period they made twenty tours, giving 68 concerts, and collected a sum of nearly £3,000. Another account of this early venture has been given by E. Vine Hall ; he also refers briefly to the third¹ period (1886-1899), in which he often took part in our tours. He had himself been in succession a chorister of the college, an academical clerk, and assistant organist ; from 1877 to 1890 he was Precentor of Worcester Cathedral.

In the course of this third period we raised £4,000 for various charities. Lascelles was our bright particular star. His help was invaluable, not only because he could both sing and recite, but because he was always the most unselfish of the party, the first to make light of the difficulties that must be encountered in going on long and tiring tours, sometimes staying with strangers, and often sleeping in beds that were (for him) mostly uncomfortable. His gift of adapting himself to the varied society into which our wanderings took us made him always *persona gratissima* with hosts and hostesses—a gift that was not invariably shared by the sixty different members of our concert tours during those thirteen cruises when the present writer was ' skipper.' It was always Lascelles who remembered the piano-candles, and the forgotten violin stand. If there was a failure through indisposition, or any other cause, it was he who invariably came to the rescue, and generally in a way that more than filled the gap. His charm of manner in explaining changes in the programme soon put the audience in a mood of pleasant anticipation of what was to follow when he himself should appear in the bill of fare that was before them.

¹ For the second period see p. 18.

It is of course impossible in a brief memoir such as this to do more than indicate the activities of the Vagabonds in the third period, during which they visited nearly fifty towns.—A full account must be reserved for another occasion.¹

But the 1886 tour, which was in some ways the most ambitious, and far the longest in mileage, is typical of the others.

Our hosts were for the most part Magdalen men. Starting at Dorking, we were the guests of a college contemporary, Sir Benjamin Brodie, whose sister the President of Magdalen soon afterwards married. Colchester followed; and then Haverhill, where we were singing for Dr. Sedgwick, an ex-Fellow of the College. On the way to Grantham, where we were the guests of a Magdalen commoner, C. J. E. Parker, we visited Cambridge, where a year or two later we gave a concert and were entertained at Trinity Lodge *en masse* by Dr. Butler. We stayed too at Ely, Peterborough, and Lincoln—which also became the scene of several happy visits—as guests of Bishop King, Dean Butler, and our own Magdalen don, Canon and Precentor H. R. Bramley, at one time the Bishop's domestic chaplain. At Clumber another Magdalen man, the Duke of Newcastle, gave us a great welcome at his beautiful home, the concert being at Worksop. After a visit to York we wended our way to Durham, our farthest north; and there our host was Dr. J. Barmby, formerly Fellow of the College, and then Prebendary of Durham; whose son Frank Barmby, an old Carthusian and an association and cricket 'blue,' was still at Magdalen. Then back, after a memorable Sunday at Durham, via Ripon, to Alcester, where Charles Yule, Fellow of Magdalen, took care of us. Lascelles and I, having a day or two to spare before term, spent the time at Stratford-on-Avon together.

The other big tours included Leeds, where on our second

¹ If, that is, my attempt to recall *Magdalen in the 'Eighties* should ever see the light.

visit we cleared nearly £150 for a local charity ; and Birmingham, where we were the guests of the Clef Club. Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, was the *venue* of our only public London concert. Princess Christian, an accomplished musician, as well as a great social worker, was present ; and on this occasion Sir Walter Parratt was once more an active 'Vagabond.' The interest of the Princess was secured by the fact that her son, Prince Christian Victor, was then at Magdalen, and had many friends amongst that generation of 'Vagabonds,' while Lascelles had met his mother more than once at the Max Müllers' house in Oxford. The Prince, besides being a good cricketer, was a fair musician, and occasionally played the violin at less formal concerts given by our Quartet with Lascelles' help.

The western tours, often repeated, were at Reading, Worcester, Malvern, Cheltenham, Bath, Hereford and Weston-super-Mare ; while the eastern included Ipswich, Colchester, Chelmsford, Saffron Walden, and many smaller places such as Cheshunt, Ely and Ditchingham, where Lascelles and I had friends who appreciated his versatility, and generally found an opportunity to make use of it when we were staying with them. At Ditchingham Sir Rider and Lady Haggard were our hosts on many occasions, and the novelist, a man of wide sympathy and culture, found in my friend one who was well versed in Egyptology and the many other subjects which he had made his own.

It was at Ely that Lascelles came to stay with me, and as usual was pressed into the service to help in a concert which was to raise funds for the restoration of Prior Crauden's beautiful little chapel. On the afternoon of the concert we went to see that all was in order in the public room which I had engaged some time before. We were horrified to find that in the Drill Hall, which adjoined our concert room, and was only separated from it by a thin wall, noisy preparations were being made for a great Salvation Army rally that same night. We went and had a heart-to-

heart talk with the official in charge ; and explained that not one word had been said to me when the concert room was engaged about this opposition affair. The first officials, mere captains, were very curt in their refusal to help us in any way. " It was no business of theirs. They were not going to spoil the success of their meeting for anyone," etc. Finally, on appealing to someone higher in authority, probably a Field-Marshal, we were told that though the band must ' play in ' the proceedings, we should be given twenty minutes' start with our programme before they went on with theirs. At ten minutes to eight the *élite* of the neighbourhood had assembled ; the Bishop and Lady Alwyne Compton ; Dean Merivale, whose daughter was helping at the concert ; Canon Luckock, the Principal of the Theological College, afterwards Dean of Lichfield ; Canon Kennedy, one of the famous Cambridge brothers and founder of the Woodward Schools ; for Ely society is nothing if not clerical. The Salvation Army ' played in ' an audience, no doubt quite as select and enthusiastic, with a vigour which may have been equalled on previous occasions, but in volume of sound cannot often have been surpassed. What an Oxford Alderman used to call ' the involuntary ' continued till twenty minutes past eight. Then came a merciful pause in the blare of trumpets and of drums, and we began our innings, which lasted perhaps ten minutes. But in the middle of the third item, an exquisite violin solo, accompanied by Basil Harwood, the Cathedral organist, the wretches struck up again, this time with vocal horrors added to the instrumental. The rest of the evening was a blend of dog fight and cats' concert, which can hardly for our audience have been a musical treat or for our neighbours a devotional success. To punctuate a fervid address by the captain who had betrayed us with a vigorous exhortation from us to " Strike the lyre," was certainly not in the best taste, however unintentionally appropriate it may have sounded—to us.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !
Through pathless realms of space. Roll on !
What though I'm in a sorry case ?
What though I cannot meet my bills ?
What though I suffer toothache's ills ?
What though I swallow countless pills ?
Never you mind ! Roll on !

The brass instruments and not less brazen voices took the reciter at his word, and rolled on with increased violence ; while louder and louder swelled the Hallelujahs and the voices of lads and lasses, old men and maidens. " Discord, dire Sister," sang we ; and they responded with a nightmare of discordancy after some fervent convert had given an appropriate address. At about eleven o'clock we awoke to the fact that relief had come at last to our aching heads and sorely tried tempers ; and that our all too musical evening was at last ended. It must have been in some lucid interval of this unhappy experience that a shy boy, a pupil of mine, was taken with stage fright. When he was supposed to be singing a contralto song from Sterndale Bennett's ' May Queen,' the voice really was proceeding from a certain alto who was sitting with his back to the audience turning over the music for Dr. Harwood. But, as far as I know, the fraud was never discovered.

At Charterhouse, at Rugby, at Windsor, where Eton turned up in great force, as well as at Harrow and at Malvern, the ' Vagabonds ' had the giant's help in entertainments of sorts ; and that his varied gifts were always appreciated to the full by these school audiences and their friends goes without saying.

Our last, and in some ways, our most successful ' Vagabond ' concert was in Oxford itself in 1899, where we netted £178. 10s. for the widows and orphans of sailors and soldiers in the Boer War. Of this sum, B.P.L. collected £57. 10s. after reciting Kipling's ' Absent-minded Beggar.'

In the period during which Sir Walter Parratt was organist of the college there were also a few Vagabond

tours, but unfortunately hardly any records of its activities have been kept.

In the third period the nucleus of the Vagabonds was an unprofessional quartet of choral scholars; Lascelles was one of several Magdalen men, not members of the choir, who belonged to the society. His part was to vary the programme with recitations. His repertoire included Lewis Carroll's 'Hiawatha's Photography,' which was always a great favourite, his impersonations of the various characters being inimitable; the 'Art of Reciting,' in which he lectured on the principles of the art, illustrating with a series of versions of 'Mary had a little lamb' as interpreted by the Irvingesque tragedian, the Southern Frenchman, and the Board School child "somewhere about the Fifth Standard"; Gilbert's parody, 'Roll on,' 'An address to the earth by a miserable wretch,' used to be a frequent encore, or Cholmeley Pennell's 'Deserted Influenza,' a brief story of disappointed love by a jilted suitor, who is suffering from a severe cold:

"O do do, I shall deever see her bore,

She will forget be id a bonth, bost probably before "

it began; and the performance was so realistic that audiences cried (with laughter) in sympathy, and sneezed in chorus with the reciter. The climax of the poem was a sneeze, painfully retarded and then bursting in a truly gigantic explosion.

Once or twice at village concerts he sang songs, such as 'The giant's song,' from Rogers' 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk,' or 'Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket'; but on Vagabond tours proper he mostly confined himself to reciting and telling stories. At this latter performance he was great; he used to sit on a chair at the front of the stage and talk as simply and unconcernedly as if his audience had consisted of three or four friends round the fireside instead of 500 or more strangers in a big concert room. At the end everyone in the room felt that they knew him as a personal friend. We certainly had a great pull over

the Vagabonds of the earlier periods in having his help on our tours.

The matter of bedroom accommodation on these tours was always a difficulty. It was necessary to explain to hostesses beforehand that a comfortable night could not be obtained for him merely by adding pillows placed on chairs or a box at the foot of the bed. The only way was first to remove the upright at the lower end of the bed bodily, and then pull the mattress over an added support, filling in with pillows at the bolster head of the mattress. Otherwise the detached part used soon to find its way on to the floor, and he had a miserable night. And, as most tall men require a special allowance of sleep, or at least of comfortable recumbence, it was essential that his rest should not be disturbed.

As I have said, Lascelles had already taken his degree when I came up to Magdalen. It has not been easy to glean from men of his own standing very much about his undergraduate period. I am however indebted for some notes of this period to some of his older friends. It has seemed best to begin my account from the date from which I knew him, although the chronological order is thus broken.

The President of Magdalen, Sir Herbert Warren, writes :

"I well remember the moment when I first heard of Mr. Brian Lascelles, afterwards to be so familiar to me as the 'Magdalen Giant.' I was a young tutor at Magdalen, having recently been elected Fellow there, when a young Balliol man, Mr. Henry Sydney Seymour, came and called on me, and told me that he wanted to enter the name of a cousin of his, Mr. Brian Lascelles.

"He told me that his health had not always been very strong, he having rather outgrown himself, and, in consequence, he had been educated privately. He thought that he was a particularly good fellow, with quite good abilities, and should do very well.

“ ‘ Only,’ he said, ‘ he is rather tall.’

“ I said, ‘ I do not suppose that will matter,’ and we talked a little more about him, when Seymour said, “ I must impress on you that he is rather tall.”

“ I said, ‘ Is he a giant ’ ? ”

“ ‘ Oh, I should not call him that,’ said Seymour. ‘ But he is very tall.’ ”

“ Then we talked about a variety of other things, and finally Seymour, just after he had left, came back, and said once more, —

“ ‘ I must impress upon you that he is rather tall.’

“ I was impressed, and expected to see a very tall man.

“ But I am bound to say the reality, when, on his arrival, I happened to run suddenly up against him in the Cloisters, in a long white waterproof, quite overpowered me.

“ We became great friends, for he was a most delightful and agreeable fellow. As however he had not much difficulty with his Pass Classical Examinations, and went off into Science, he did not become my pupil ; but he knew everybody in college, and we met on the tennis ground, where he performed with a huge tennis racket, which he painted bright red, and which he called ‘ Anak.’ His reach of course was enormous, but though tall he was not very active, and had difficulty in getting down to a low ball, and consequently was not a specially skilful player.

“ He had many tastes, especially for numismatics and geology, and was very well informed.

“ Of course he became a notable figure. The old President, Dr. Bulley, told me, I remember, that in his early days, there had been a man even taller in the college (I have forgotten his name) who could blow out a street lamp of those days, standing on the pavement, and later, just before the war, we had a second Magdalen giant, Mr. Lindsay Fitzgerald Hay, now Captain in the Black Watch, who disputed with Lascelles the title to the record.

"I think he was one of the founders of the Junior Scientific Society, commonly called the 'Junior Sci.' He was certainly one of its chief supporters in later years.

"Many good stories were told of his adventures, both by others, and by himself. On one occasion, I recollect, he said, when he was looking on at a circus in a village, he felt himself somewhat demonstratively poked in the back, and turning round saw a roughish looking fellow, with a comforter round his neck, and a white hat, who said, in a gruff voice, 'we will give you £2. 10s. a week and the run of your teeth to come along of us.'

"On one occasion my wife and I, having just arrived in Paris, went to dine at a well known restaurant in the Boulevard des Italiens. As we walked up the dining-room we saw Lascelles sitting against the wall. When sitting, he did not appear very different from ordinary people, but, as we came up, he rose gradually to his full height. Some waiters, who had not seen him enter, I suppose, suddenly catching sight of him, fell back, with loud cries of 'Mon Dieu,' almost dropping their burdens.

"I have mentioned his rival, Mr. Hay, who was at college at the same time as the Prince of Wales. Lascelles came up on more than one occasion at this time, and I have two very amusing photographs, one taken by the Prince himself, of Lascelles and Hay standing side by side; the other a group of four, which included the Prince himself, and another undergraduate of about his own size, standing side by side with the two giants.

"All this perhaps seems hardly worth recording, but what will never be forgotten by his friends was his singular amiability, and his unselfish Christian spirit, which found its full development in his later life, when he gave himself to public duty and quiet service at home during the war."

The Dean of Winchester (Dr. W. H. Hutton) writes: "Lascelles came up in April 1879 and was given the rooms

on the first floor of No. 1 staircase (the one nearest the Walks) in the New Building. My rooms were on the second floor, above his. We were, I think, the last sole occupants of these sets, which each contained a large sitting-room, a good-sized bedroom, and a small sitting-room; they were afterwards made each into two sets. I came up in January 1879, and so had been up two terms when Lascelles came. We were friends all the time I was in college, and saw each other of course every day. But, as his work was Natural Science and mine Modern History, we did not meet over our work. Moreover, as a good deal of his work was done in the laboratories in the afternoon, we had not many opportunities for walks together. In those days the men who were not athletic, and this applies to Lascelles and myself, took their exercise for the most part in the form of long walks. So that, though we certainly liked each other very much (and, when after many years I saw him again in Cornwall in 1911-12, he was as cordial as ever) we did not see so much of each other as might have been expected of near neighbours. In our time a literary society called 'The Waynflete' was founded. I was one of the original members, and Lascelles joined it later on. We were rather exclusive and no doubt priggish, and it was thought a compliment to a science man to elect him. But Lascelles knew a great deal more than his science work. He was not perhaps a close student of literature, but he knew and liked all sorts of books, including a good deal of poetry of a simple kind. He was a very good and interesting, but never an assertive talker. His chief subject then was travel: he knew Switzerland and the Tirol well, and nothing delighted us more than his Tirolese songs, with a perfect 'jodel'—in which he delighted as much as we did. He was well able to hold his own with all men, but was never in the least conceited or aggressive. He was, in fact, a quiet, reasonable, steady, hard-working student, with many interests, never a prig or a 'smug'; As a friend one could rely upon him always and altogether. We naturally

often had meals together, and he used to make of me a joke or object-lesson in science, because, when I ate marmalade (a practice which I soon gave up except for exhibition purposes), my face used to become extremely hot and uncomfortable, and my hair to rise slowly upon my head "like quills upon the fretful porpentine." Lascelles was delighted when he found this out, and used to bring people up to my room at breakfast time to show them my eccentricity and lecture on it from a scientific point of view; 'reflex action' I remember he called it. I wish I could remember more; but all that I do remember is of an extremely agreeable, kind, able and good man."

The Bishop of Lewes, F. K. Southwell, who was on the same staircase, says: "I call him to mind as having an almost boyish enthusiasm, which made him delightful and intimate when one talked with him. He was friends with all, but really intimate with few. He had many gifts which would not appeal to the average undergraduate. I think of him as a man whom I liked immensely, and who was intellectually far above me."

Another friend, F. B. Rogers, says: "His lovable disposition; his intense interest in all forms of art, music, painting, sculpture, poetry; his almost boyish geniality, and his devotion to his college, made it a joy to be with him at all times. He was of a very patient and gentle disposition, and his temper was seldom ruffled; he was one of the most delightful companions it was possible to have."

F. P. Bulley, the son of the President of Magdalen, reveals that his father was much struck by the calm way in which Lascelles, when he first came up, walked about and exhibited himself to the many who were curious and eager to see his height, instead of avoiding the public gaze. In fact, knowing that he could not be hid, it was as if he had said, "Here am I. Have a good look at me, and then let the matter of my personal appearance drop." There were

three men who at that time were collectively described as 'The Magdalen Salmon-rod': R. J. S. Gill was the fly-top, Lascelles the middle joint, and W. H. Carnegie the butt; their united length must have been something approaching 20 feet. Mr. Bulley adds that all those who knew him loved his kind and genial personality, and after-common-rooms were incomplete unless he was present to recite.

Similarly W. H. Cardew writes: "We regarded him as an institution, not merely as a good fellow. The chaff about his 'giantship' he took very well; in fact we fancied that looking over people's heads gave him a certain feeling of superiority. But such chaff came more from out of college than from in, for we ourselves soon got used to his height. This was chiefly contributed by his legs, so that when sitting down he did not appear so superhuman.¹ My brother, A. C. Cardew, still remembers his surprise when, at his lectures, at which he sat at one end of a long table and Lascelles at the other, he came across the giant's limbs right over at his end. He may perhaps have been less surprised to observe his pupil relieving the tedium of the lecture (on that highly respectable and delectable subject, Pass Logic) by quietly substituting a book from the shelves behind him as the object of his attention—a good instance of a certain loftiness of bearing which 'Gigas' undoubtedly possessed. The lecturer, who had a high regard for Lascelles, and was quite aware that he was well above the rest of the sitting in grasp of the matter, did not deem it necessary to do other than wink at this performance."

R. J. S. Gill, who went with Lascelles to the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1880 (and who 17 years later got lost

¹ A lady who had not seen him before and who was shown into a room where he was sitting, told me that, as he rose to greet her, she thought 'that he would never finish getting up.' *Ed.*

with him in a blizzard on the Combassier Glacier), has an amusing reminiscence of an incident at a restaurant in Munich: "When the waitress brought the sweet which I had ordered, and Lascelles put out his hand, thinking it was for him, she retorted, 'Nein, für den Klein.' As I am 6 ft. 4 ins. in my socks, the point was a good one."

Dr. H. P. Chomeley, a Magdalen contemporary, has some artistic recollections which anyone who knew Lascelles will recognize as characteristic. They met in later years at Florence, and "I remember," he says, "Lascelles drawing my attention to the series of Medici busts on the stair-case of the Uffizi, and pointing out what a perfect picture of decadence they were, ranging as they do from Cosmo and Lorenzo to the eighteenth century wretched little micro-cephalic cardinal. He also remarked upon the statue of the 'Scythian grinding his knife to flay Marsyas,' which is in the Tribuna, that the knife is curiously like a Gurkha kukri."

Other contemporaries have written to me, whose reminiscences of Lascelles as an undergraduate all give the same impression. On the one hand we have plenty of evidence of what in later years he used to call 'foolishness': we even hear of practical jokes played on the solemn 'Waynflete,' and at meetings of the British Association. On the other hand he struck them as being more mature than men of his own age, and the affection which everyone had for him was mingled with something of the respect due to an older and cleverer man.

My own feelings on hearing of the passing of the best and truest of good friends are well expressed in the words of William Johnson's translation of Callimachus' *Elegy* on the loss of his poet-friend:

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
to shed.

I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I

Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

J, O. H. CARTER.

CHAPTER III

HARROW SCHOOL, 1885-1914

I HAVE not been able to discover whether Brian Lascelles had already chosen his career before Dr. Butler, on the recommendation of Professor Harcourt, offered him a mastership at Harrow, but think it likely that he had not made up his mind about his future. He was at first most diffident about accepting the offer, chiefly because he himself had not been at a public school. His friend, the Rev. J. O. H. Carter, recalls that only after a long and agitated evening of discussion he persuaded him, first to sleep on the question, and the next day to accept the invitation. He went to Harrow in 1885; Dr. Butler left the school in the same year, and the appointment was confirmed by his successor, Mr. J. E. C. Welldon, now the Dean of Durham. He was appointed to teach Chemistry; in those days Natural Science was taken less seriously by public-school boys than it is now, and a science master needed to be a strong disciplinarian to maintain his position. It can not have been long before Harrow boys discovered that the commanding new figure which had appeared in the laboratory could not be trifled with. They also discovered that he did not talk like a text-book; "He gave his lessons" the Dean of Durham writes, "in a simple colloquial style which was easily intelligible to his divisions. Boys liked him and were willing to learn from him. Some masters who know a great deal of Science, more perhaps than Lascelles knew, are not always able to impart their knowledge. He in fact was much more than a teacher of Science; he was a widely cultivated man, and in him the human element, which is so vital a factor in a schoolmaster's life, was never

wanting." To this I should be inclined to add from my own observation that, while he kept his divisions in excellent order, and exacted a high standard of industry from all the boys under him, he was probably more successful in teaching the occasional able boy than the rank and file. His own mind moved rapidly, and he was perhaps inclined to be hard on those intellects which require a good deal of repetition before they grasp new ideas ; he was rather apt to assume that slowness means idleness or complete incapacity. Moreover, not having been at school himself, he had not moved among average boys when he was a boy himself. Not that he was wanting in sympathy when it was revealed to him that he had been asking too much of a pupil ; I remember his telling me how he had given a boy back a piece of execrable written work, scored all over with angry blue pencil, saying : " Just look at that ; what do you mean by showing me up stuff like that ? " To which the boy stolidly and in all innocence replied : " But, sir, *I* did not make it in that mess." From time to time he would discover a boy in school who had archaeological or other interests, and such boys became his devoted friends. His opportunities of this kind were enlarged when in 1888 he was made Librarian of the Vaughan Library ; in this place, and in connection with it, he did his best work for the school. In a letter to the *Harrow Observer and Gazette*, written just after his death, the Dean of Durham thus faithfully describes this side of his activity as a schoolmaster :—

" Will you allow me to supplement by one personal reminiscence your exhaustive obituary notice of my old colleague and friend Mr. Lascelles ? There is no need that I should enlarge upon his many services to the school and the town. But it was my good fortune during my headmastership to entrust him with the supervision of the Vaughan Library. I have always thought that one of the best educational instruments in a public school is an open library. But boys, even if they are freely admitted to a

library, do not generally know how they can best make use of it. Mr. Lascelles possessed an almost unique power of rendering the library attractive to the school. By his knowledge of books, his many-sided culture, his interest in the treasures under his control, his tact in leading boys from gay to graver subjects, and his constant affability, he made everybody feel at home in the library. Many a time on a winter's afternoon have I gone from my house into the Vaughan Library for the simple pleasure of seeing the many boys who were reading there. I remember the late Mr. Du Maurier, whom I took into the Library one day when his son, now Sir Gerald Du Maurier, was a boy in the school, expressing pleasure at the number of boys who were apparently engaged in study there ; and I remember thinking that, if we had looked over their shoulders, we should perhaps have found some of them to be studying his own cartoons. It is not too much to say that among the boys who were pupils at the school some thirty years ago, there are not a few who have attained literary distinction in their after lives, and I believe that more than one of them would attribute his love of literature wholly or partly to the unfailing sympathy and courtesy of Mr. Lascelles."

To this it may be added that he began by re-arranging the collection of books and constructing two admirable card-file catalogues, under subjects and under authors. He was interested in a great variety of subjects and had read omnivorously ; as a very intimate friend recalls, he was at one time deep in Tertullian, at another equally absorbed in the stories of O. Henry. It could not be said that he had gone very deeply into all the numerous subjects which interested him. He had indeed read widely on anthropology and collected a considerable library of books bearing thereon ; his interest here was, I think, chiefly in the fact, as fact, especially the curious and out-of-the-way fact ; and he had an amazing memory for odd bits of knowledge in this and in other fields, which enlivened his often brilliant talk with flashes of the unexpected.

In 1892 he was one of a party, of which I was another, who made a fortnight's tour in Greece. I cannot help recalling some incidents of a memorable tour; as how, having bought casually in the streets of Athens a copy of the paper called τὸ ἄστυ, I found in it a highly imaginative account of our most conspicuous fellow traveller headed *μία ὑψηλότης*¹: how he puzzled small village urchins at Delphi with conjuring tricks; or how at a little port on the Gulf of Corinth, where our steamer waited an hour or two, we lost him, and eventually discovered him up a back street attended by the entire population of the place, who were watching open-mouthed as for their amusement he wrote his name as high up as he could reach on a wall. This tour led in his case to many other visits to Athens undertaken with serious purpose; he made himself in fact a competent Greek archaeologist, and for some years at least kept up a close study of this subject. These two subjects, anthropology and Greek archaeology, are perhaps not such as attract most boys. But there were many others which he had touched more lightly, and he knew enough of most things about which an inquisitive boy would be likely to want to know to be able to talk to him about it, to send him straight to the best book on the subject, and even to fetch it down from a high shelf without the help of a ladder. The thought of the Vaughan Library recalls the jingle of the keys on his watch-chain as he led the enquirer across the room straight to the object of his search.

A colleague may perhaps without offence applaud the

¹ The paraphrase ran as follows:—"Ολοι τὸν εἶδον καὶ ὅλοι τὸν ἐθαύμασαν χθές τὸν ὑπερύψηλον ἐκεῖνον ἄνδρα, ὑπέναντι τοῦ ὑποίου καὶ ὁ Κ. Παρασκευαδῆς εἶνε νάνος. Ὁ ἄνθρωπος αὐτὸς εἶνε Ἀγγλος περιηγητῆς διαμένων ἐν τῷ ξενοδοκίῳ τῆς Ἀγγλίας. Εἶνε ἀπὸ τὰ ὑψηλότερα ἀναστήματα τῆς Εὐρώπης καὶ ἄρκεϊ νὰ εἴπωμεν πρὸς κατανόησιν τοῦ ὕψους του ὅτι χθές τὴν νύκτα ἤναψε τὸ σίγαρον του ἐκ τινος φανοῦ φωταερίου, συμβαδίζων δ' εἶτα μετὰ τινος ἐφίππου συμπατριώτου του ἀπέκρυπτε διὰ τοῦ ἀναστήματος καὶ τοῦ ὄγκου του τὴν κεφαλὴν τοῦ ἵππου καὶ τὸν ἀναβάτην ὁμοῦ.

wisdom of the headmasters who secured and retained on the staff a man so unlike the ordinary run of pedagogues, one who could never be expected to fall in with all the arrangements of the school routine, but required in some ways special consideration. Thus he was obliged to spend more than the ordinary man's number of hours in the day on his back. If he had had to attend '1st school' at 7.30 a.m., he could never have accepted the post; but, when he came to Harrow, and for long afterwards, Science was not taught at first school. On one occasion indeed he was required to go up at that time during an examination; he returned to breakfast exhausted, and slept most of that day and far into the following one. I lived with him for six years, and only twice in that period did we meet at breakfast, once on the occasion referred to, and once when he had mistaken the time. Dr. Field tells me that during his *contubernium* with Lascelles they never met at breakfast. Ordinarily, if he had school at 10, he breakfasted at 9.50; if his day began at 11, he came down at 10.50; if at 12, at 11.50. Moreover he had not many hours in school in the week. It did not follow that he was idle; he undertook a full share of what are called by Harrow masters 'liturgies,' that is, services voluntarily undertaken without further remuneration. As librarian indeed he received a salary of £50, and this, along with the Librarian's duties, he retained from the time (1901) when he gave up teaching to the time (1914), when he resigned his mastership; he wished, he said, to give the headmaster the right to dismiss him. He was also Curator of the School Museum, to which he bequeathed his collections of weapons, coins and minerals. He held strong views on the right use of a school museum, and set his face against the acceptance of gifts of mere curiosities. He was a director, and for some years chairman, of the School Laundry Company, in whose early struggles his chemical knowledge, as well as his business capacity, were of great service. He was also, after he had ceased to teach, able and willing to serve on the various committees appointed

from time to time to settle some matter of school organization. The Dean of Durham speaks of the wise counsel which he gave now and again at a masters' meeting, and remarks how wonderfully he, not a public school man himself, had caught the public school spirit. Among his many antiquarian hobbies was the rather obscure early history of the school. He contributed to Howson and Warner's *Harrow School* two lively chapters, one on 'Early Headmasters,' the other on 'Speech-day.' In the first of these he produced a good deal of interesting, if necessarily fragmentary, information, "clothing," as the editors of the volume said "with human interest what had hitherto been little more than a mere list of names." The chapter on Speech-day shows how that function grew out of an archery competition for the prize of a silver arrow, which can be traced back to 1731 and was probably instituted very much earlier. So far as I know, the few pages which these chapters occupy represent, with the exception of antiquarian notes in the school magazine, Lascelles' whole literary output. They are written with all the vivacity and knack of apt quotation which marked his talk. No 'pedant' (in the modern sense of the word) would, in describing the order of the day on Speech-day, have mentioned that the performance of the school band on the lawn in front of the Library is apt to be interfered with by the tossing of cakes of soap "from neighbouring windows so that they might alight in the temptingly open mouths of the brass instruments"; a foot-note adds that "experience shows that a hard-boiled egg dropped into the gaping bell of a brass trumpet is sure to fit the conical tube somewhere. It can be removed by means of a rifle-cleaner."

Of his friendships and his social gifts others will speak, but something may be said here of his relations to his colleagues. At first he lived with T. Field (afterwards Warden of Radley and now the Rev. Dr. Field, Canon of Southwell), and E. W. Howson. Dr. Field had been a

Fellow of Magdalen ; he recalls that a friend of his, writing in 1880 to congratulate him on his election, had mentioned that a private pupil of his was going up to Magdalen, who " would do well, if he were not handicapped by his inches." What he meant Dr. Field did not divine, till one day, as he was in the Fellows' seat in the top row in chapel, he became aware that the head of one of the commoners in the lowest row was on a level with his own.

In later life, when he lived alone, though far from being a recluse, he became perhaps somewhat self-centred.

I had the happiness of living with him at a house called ' The Moat,' from 1888 to 1894 ; it was a memorable moment when the headmaster informed me, in answer to my enquiry about quarters, that a man of whom I had often heard as ' the Magdalen Giant,' would be glad if I would join him in the house which he had just taken. It was a pleasant house with a garden containing the pond which gave it its name, and a wonderful view to the west commanded by the windows of our several sitting-rooms. J. O. H. Carter, who was our frequent guest, reminds me that on the pond we kept " Indian ducks and other birds of prey." I do not remember the latter, but there was a punt from which one could study the gold fish ; some of these had names, a spotted fellow being known as ' Naaman.'

It is not easy to write oneself about those " great days in the distance enchanted," but Mr. Carter allows me to transcribe certain faithful recollections of his own. " Nothing," he says, " could to my mind be more ideal than the Moat period, when these three friends, each with his strong individuality, all three given not a little to teasing of the good-natured kind, lived together. School shop was strictly taboo, as far as the boys were concerned ; but the ' beaks ' were not sheltered from the fierce light of not unkindly criticism which shines upon colleagues. Next door lived J. Stogdon : " Stick-Stack-Stogdon ' (or ' stick-stack ' for short) Lascelles had christened him on account of a remarkable dream which that

most genial of men had experienced. (He dreamt that he was fighting at Troy for the Greeks and ran Hector through the body with his spear. Whereat Ajax, who was watching the combat from a hillock, called out: "Well stuck, Stog!") He and his family were among the most intimate friends of the Moat trio, and many a jolly evening Lascelles and I spent there, with other congenial spirits.

"Of my many visits the first stands out as the one of most memorable incident. A glorious summer term at its zenith; my introduction to 'Ducker,' where the present Minister of War¹ was to be seen fooling with the life-saving dummy (as he often fooled real dummies in his Oxford days by organizing imaginary 'rags' for the delectation of too enterprising journalists); and, for a climax, the inspiration that the three Moat bachelors must give a garden-party—a function which in those days had generally a certain starchiness and was attended in top-hat and frock-coat. Invitations were broad-casted, and there were 200 acceptances; for that 'The Big Three' were popular goes without saying, while there was much curiosity to see how the thing would be done. "Lucky the garden will hold 'em all." Grim warnings by the guest that fine weather does not last for ever in England. Preparations galore: trestle-tables in the steep garden, the punt converted into a gondola for the intrepid. The band turning up on the wrong day; the only one of the four who was free from school despatched to London to secure another. Then 'the day'; a gloriously fine morning, spent in seeing that the band-stand would not collapse on the slope. The toil of lugging all the comfortable chairs down a narrow iron staircase into the garden. At 2 p.m. misgivings about the weather; at 3 p.m. one of the heaviest thunderstorms on record; bucketsful; the deluge; the struggle to get chairs and tables back into the house; the band established on the stairs; efforts to write labels for the different rooms: 'Strawbs' was all that we had time to write for that

¹ Written in 1923: Mr. L. C. M. S. Amery.

berry room with its appurtenances of huge jugs of cream. Everybody saying: "O, poor Mr. Lascelles! We *must* go; there will be nobody there." Most of the 200 arriving; everybody quite happy and hugely enjoying the 'scrum'; "Best party of the year." The hosts acting as if they did this sort of thing under the same circumstances twice a week. Lascelles was in his element, and the party was long remembered in Harrow as a joyful triumph over what would have been to most men a nightmare of difficulties."

In those days, when I saw most of him, he was much in request in our local society as a vivacious talker with a gift of happy characterization. He had his own nicknames for many of the figures familiar in our streets. The Rev. E. H. Kempson, now Bishop of Warrington, who made the third in our happy bachelor ménage (Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego we were called by one of the most neighbourly of neighbours) has reminded me of some of these descriptions; a boy with a nose of unusual outline was easily recognised under the soubriquet of Toucan; a certain colleague, who had a rather peculiar gait, walked, he said, "like the hind legs of a panther"; he always spoke of a cheerful and rather unctuous clergyman as 'the oil of gladness,' or 'the oil' for short. It must be owned that he sometimes wore his wit a trifle bare by too constant repetition of old quips and allusions. A Cambridge colleague at least became a little tired of having an argument closed with the Oxonian reminder that "you can't expect logic from a Cambridge man." But his humour was never touched with malice, and his most refreshing laughter greeted jokes against himself. I may be pardoned for thinking that he was at his best while he had two house-mates, somewhat younger than himself, who loved him as a noble-hearted friend, and were proud that he had asked them to live under his roof, but who 'pulled his leg' on every possible occasion. Certainly at a later stage he was at times irritable or perverse, and people who at that period made his acquaintance for the first time, did not always

appreciate him at once. He could be downright rude to people to whom he did not take. His personal sympathies were indeed wide as well as warm ; but if, rightly or wrongly, he suspected insincerity, he froze immediately and was not easily thawed.

For some time after the marriages of his companions he continued to live at The Moat alone. Then he moved to a house called Longridge on the London Road ; and after a short residence there bought Headland, a charmingly placed house on the south-west side of the ' hog's back ' on which Harrow stands. The house commands a near view of gardens, with the Thames Valley as background. Its owner proudly remarked to J. O. H. Carter, when he first stayed with him there, " There is nothing between me and King Edward " ; Windsor Castle is in fact visible from the house. On a clear day the view extends to the Berkshire Downs. The house was suggestive of its occupant's catholic tastes and knowledge. Anthropology was represented by savage weapons and odd curios, iron and flint implements ; Art by a little picture by Herkomer, given him by the artist, fine prints of Harewood ancestors and Japanese monkey-pictures, green Breton water-jugs (of which he had brought home a crateful), German beer-jugs reminiscent of his Rhine trip, antiques picked up on his Greek tours. His library was not large, but contained some out-of-the-way books, chiefly anthropological.

" The ways of his house," writes Mr. Carter, a frequent visitor, " were entirely bacheloresque ; as at The Moat, you got up when you liked, and found breakfast going at any hour between 8 and 11. Your host generally appeared between 10 and 11 ; when he gave up teaching, 11 o'clock, liberally interpreted, was his usual time. I used to go off and play in London most of the day, returning by dinner-time. Then came the long, delightful evenings, either at home, or often with such friends as Dr. P. C. Buck and E. G. Mercer."

Any account of Lascelles' mastership would be incomplete without some mention of the occasions on which, in his own phrase, he appeared as a 'buffoon.' He was indeed a wonderful comic reciter, with equal command of a very flexible voice and extraordinarily mobile features. The celebration of Founder's Day at Harrow concludes with a highly informal function, known, since under that name John Farmer instituted it, as a 'Tobacco Parliament'; at this assembly, *inter fumum strepitumque* of old boys of every age, anyone present, even an archbishop or a cabinet minister, may be called on to sing a song or otherwise divert the company; if he is a regular attendant, and always gives the same song or entertainment, so much the better. Lascelles for many years attended regularly, and as regularly gave "The vly on the turmut," or the influenza patient's love-song (see p. 19), or "Mary had a little lamb," treated from various points of view. To use one of his own favourite words, it was 'immense.' These performances had become traditional; but his readiness at impromptu entertaining was no less remarkable. On one occasion a lecturer, who was to address the school, missed his train. The 600 boys began to show signs of restiveness, when Lascelles stepped on to the platform and for half-an-hour (after which the lecturer arrived, perhaps no longer wanted) kept them amused with story after story.

Lascelles usually spent his summer holidays in Switzerland, where he was often the guest of Monsieur Jacques Blumenthal, the composer, at his villa near Montreux; the Riffelalp was another of his favourite perches. One Easter holiday I persuaded him to join a walking party in the English Lakes. Such country was then at least quite new to him, and, being more familiar with the Alpine atmosphere than with that of our English mountains, he could not be got to believe that objects which looked near were not really a long way off; thus I remember his relief when he learnt that it would only take us half-an-hour to reach

a certain hill-top, which he supposed to be two hours off. The shortest of the party, the late Mr. R. P. L. Booker, the most genial and delightful of travelling companions, used to insist at times on walking arm-in-arm with the giant, whose arm he could just reach with his hand. Our long tramps were rather much for him, but he could manage a good day's march, if he got opportunities of an occasional rest.

He attended pretty regularly the meetings of the British Association, where his principal interest was in the Anthropological Section. In their lighter moments certain members, among whom Lascelles was conspicuous in more ways than one, met for a convivial evening; this dining club was called 'The Red Lions,' and they met ostensibly to devour 'the British Association'; the secretaries or stewards at this function were called 'the jackals.' Professor H. B. Dixon, of Manchester University, writes thus of Lascelles' part in the proceedings of this learned body and of his previous acquaintance with him:—

"My first acquaintance with the Magdalen Giant was made unexpectedly in my small lecture-room in Balliol. Magdalen used to send two or three men to me generally (as there was no Physics tutor there), and one Michaelmas Term, after my first lecture, I asked the men, as usual, whether there was any experiment they did not understand. Then a man on the third bench partly rose and, leaning forward across two benches, reached over to the lecture-table and picked up some piece of apparatus which he held up near the ceiling—remarking with a quaint simplicity, "Now how does *this* work?" I fear the class and I were dissolved in laughter. Afterwards I got to know him pretty well—at the Junior Scientific Club, and at the 'Pilgrims of the Twilight.' After we both left Oxford, we used to meet at British Associations and at the Riffel Alp.¹

¹ At one meeting of the Association it is said that members used to make appointments to meet 'at Lascelles'. *Punch* had an account of this meeting illustrated by Mr. (Sir) Harry Furniss: Lascelles was made a 'border' to the page, extending up one side and along the top, *Ed.*

"I do not think Lascelles liked being amusing to order ; but when in the mood he would conjure, (he was excellent at the conjuror's patter), and he would recite or sing amusing bits in broken French-English.

"So far as I remember, he only once acted as jackal at the Red Lions dinner ; that was at Bath in 1888, where Sir F. Bramwell was President and had addressed us on "the importance of the next-to-nothing." It was the year when Col. Gouraud had brought over the phonograph, and Moissan had recently sent over his platinum apparatus to demonstrate the separation of Fluorine from Hydrofluoric Acid—a separation on which some doubt had been expressed in England. Lascelles procured a large poster of 'Fragrant Fluoriline', a tooth-powder and scent much advertised at that time, and gave a lecturette in French on the liberation of 'Fragrant Fluoriline.' I can only recall one of the jokes. One of the remarkable properties of the new gas was to set fire to silicon, and Martin Conway had been holding forth on his climbs in the Karakorum, especially the mountain labelled K.2. Lascelles poured some water out of the tin kettle caricaturing Moissan's platinum apparatus, and threw in a piece of metallic potassium (chemical symbol K₂) which, of course, caught fire :—"Voici l'action de fluor sur une piece de silica portée par M. Conway des montagnes de Karakorum. C'est K.2." But his chief turn was to act the phonograph in a very high Jack-in-the-box and repeat everything spoken into it all wrong. Gouraud himself was talking into the machine and Lascelles kept up his end with very good back-chat.

"I recall another instance where Lascelles' height caused an unexpected scene. It was at a ticket office in America, where he and others had gone to fix up their return journey after the Association's meeting at Montreal. The offices were partitioned off from a corridor with wooden walls some 6½ feet high. The doors were locked and no answer could be got, so Lascelles looked over and politely asked a little man

at a desk where the tickets were to be got. The little man sprang to his feet and shouting "Get down off that—or I'll make you!" he rushed to the door, unlocked it and dashed out. No further words were spoken—but the tickets were forthcoming."

Of this Montreal meeting, Mr. G. E. Underhill, Fellow of Magdalen, has some further recollections.¹

"A large party of members of the British Association had decided to sail by the S.S. *Sardinian* for Quebec to attend the meeting at Montreal in August, 1884, and Lascelles, himself a member, wished to join them, as the party included a large number of Oxford friends. However, on applying to the Allan Line, to which the vessel belonged, for a berth at least seven feet long, he received the answer that no such berth could be found in the ship. Later he was informed, after more careful measurements had been made, that one of the state-rooms contained a sofa of the required length which could be put at his disposal. So he accepted the offer and sailed with the rest of us. He proved to be a very fair sailor, and soon became the life and soul of the company. The voyage was uneventful except for two days' delay in a fog among the icebergs in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"Once ashore at Quebec, he was the centre of numerous astonished interviewers, who wanted to know his exact height to an inch, his antecedents, and his opinions on Canada, the Association meeting, and various other topics; and he answered some at least of their many questions with imperturbable good humour.

"There was now a fortnight to spare before the meeting began, which we decided to spend in seeing something of Eastern Canada and New York State. So after two or three days in Montreal we started off by the then newly opened and barely finished Canadian and Pacific Railway for Ottawa and Toronto. In one place the train had to cross dead slow a deep and quaking morass, swaying along in a manner quite alarming to the passengers. At Toronto, we called on Professor Goldwin Smith, himself

¹ These belong (in time) to the period covered by chap. ii.

an old Magdalen Demy, and he gave us a long and impassive discourse on the merits and demerits of the Canadian and American Constitution, ending up with an eloquent eulogy of the American Supreme Court. Years later the learned Professor confessed to me that he had the greatest difficulty in keeping his countenance in the presence of the redoubtable 'Magdalen giant.' Be that as it may, at the moment he succeeded admirably.

"There followed a delightful three days' visit to Niagara, where Lascelles showed the keenest interest in all the great sights—the falls themselves, the still water under them; then the fearsome rapids and the astounding whirlpool. He was however indignant at the nightly illumination of the American Fall with prosaic coloured lights, which we could see from our hotel windows. One roasting afternoon we spent in the cool of borrowed bathing dresses—Lascelles cut a funny figure in a garment all too small—visiting the Cave of the Winds underneath a detached portion of the American Fall. The slippery rocks were too much for the unwieldy giant, and once at least he fell full length on the treacherous path, luckily without injury to himself.

"At Albany in New York State the Americans were even more inquisitive than the Canadians had been, and one morning a man button-holed me in the street and asked me point blank Lascelles' exact height in inches, saying by way of apology that he would not have asked so rude a question, had he not laid a little money on it with his friend on the other side of the road.

"Saratoga springs with its vast hotel, where an army of 250 negroes waited on the 1,500 guests in the dining-room, had no attractions for us, but we thoroughly enjoyed a week's rest at the Hundred Islands House in the middle of Lake George. Here we made many pleasant acquaintances and were initiated into the mysteries of American holiday life. Lascelles was out to enjoy himself. In the morning he would row on the lake; in the afternoon now and again he was to be seen trundling a young lady round

the garden in a wheel-barrow, while her mother, who claimed to have entertained Oscar Wilde in New York, looked on admiringly. In the evening there were various entertainments; the most striking was a concert given by a well-trained company of negro singers in aid of their negro University. We were quite thrilled with the pathos they put into the rendering of many well-known negro songs. More than once Lascelles himself added to the gaiety of the company by reciting W. S. Gilbert's 'Roll on' or by singing 'Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket.' Sometimes we simply sat talking out in the garden, watching the flickering flames of a great forest fire on 'Black Mountain,' which lasted all the time we were there.

"From Lake George Lascelles travelled straight back to Montreal to be present at the opening meeting of the British Association, while I lingered for a few days on Lake Champlain and at the Au Sable Chasm. When I rejoined him, I found him fully immersed in the business and pleasures of the British Association, but perhaps more particularly interested in the transactions of the Anthropological Section, where he came across an eminent lady Indologist, Mrs. Erminie Smith, of the Smithsonian Institute. This lady had spent a long time among the Iroquois tribes, who did her the honour of making her a chieftainess. At Montreal she read a paper on her experiences, which attracted considerable notice. Lascelles was enrolled among her disciples.

"Our next move was to Philadelphia in company with the British party invited to attend the meeting there of the American Scientific Association. Here the heat—never less than 96 degrees at midnight and steamy at that—was altogether too much for us. By day we hardly left the hotel. By night we struggled out several times to dine with some charming American friends, who had stayed some months at Oxford, at their pleasant house in the country a few miles out of the town. On one of these occasions we had the gruesome experience of helping to search for the

mangled remains of a man whom the engine-driver said he had seen fall, knocked down by the cattle-lifter of the engine. Fortunately he had made a mistake and we made no such discovery. One afternoon these friends kindly arranged a picnic for our benefit on the Schuylkill River, where it flows for miles through the beautiful Fairmount Park, and introduced us to that wonderful American invention a ladies' barge, in other words, a four-oared boat equipped with a low seat for a lady beside each rower. Somehow or other even the giant found suitable accommodation in this beautifully built boat, and in rowing kept as good time as anyone else. Another afternoon we went to an 'At Home' at the Ladies' Medical College overlooking the famous Girard College, a great school for orphan boys, to which under the founder's will no clergyman is ever admitted. The Lady Principal told us, as we looked out on the spacious school grounds, how a west countryman, primly dressed in black frock coat and shovel hat, had by the porter been refused admission; whereupon he began to curse and swear; so the porter, perceiving his mistake, at once threw open the door, saying: "Oh yes! *you* may go in." A Presidential election campaign was just beginning and one night we witnessed from our hotel windows the pretty sight of a long torchlight procession in honour of Grover Cleveland slowly marching up the long straight Broad Street in the centre of the city.

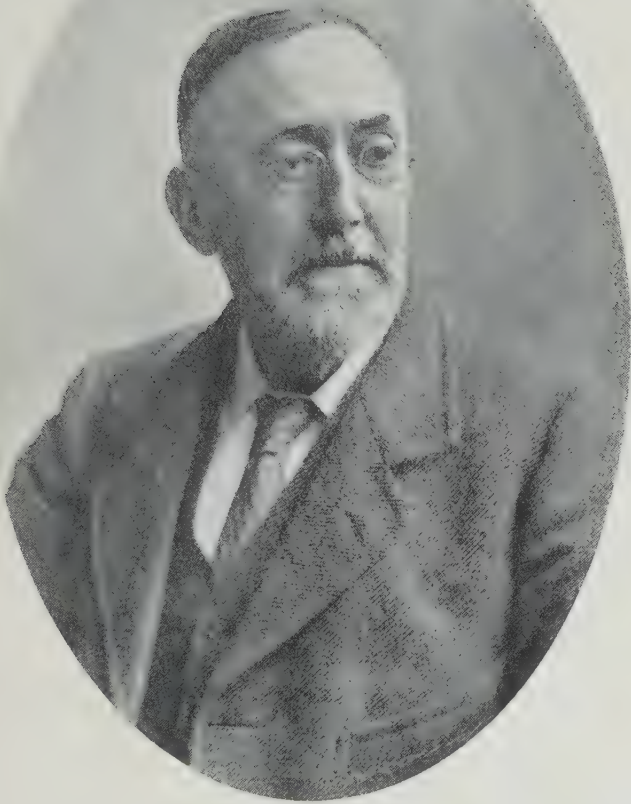
"In New York the temperature was more tolerable and the air brisker. Our first morning there Lascelles fairly revelled in the great collection of Indian stone implements formed by Mr. Douglas, whom we had met in Philadelphia and who now kindly showed us round. A day or two later his interest in Indian antiquities was still further stimulated by meeting again Mrs. Erminie Smith, whose acquaintance we had made in Montreal. Her enthusiasm and conversational powers on this and other subjects were truly inspiring, and she had gathered round her—so she told us—a little group of devoted disciples, twelve young ladies, married

and single, whom she called her daughters. Two of them were with her on this occasion, to whom we were duly introduced, and whom we found fully to justify the eulogies which their timid foster-mother had pronounced upon their charms and attainments. Our visit to New York was made particularly pleasant by the kindness of Mr. S. Brearley, who had for two or three years been an undergraduate at Balliol College at a time when it was a rare event for any American to matriculate at Oxford. He and his friend, Mr. George A. Plimpton, the well-known publisher of school and college books, put down our names at the University Club and generally took us in tow. A few days later they were indeed to prove to Lascelles friends in need; for owing to the heat of Philadelphia, and much unwholesome food, he was stricken down with jaundice and boils and blains. Our hotel was no place for invalids, so that notwithstanding the prescriptions of a skilful but cynical doctor he seemed to be getting steadily worse and more and more annoyed with his comfortless surroundings. The second evening of the illness Mr. Plimpton suggested a move to one of the paying wards of the New York Hospital. We at once investigated the accommodation the hospital had to offer, and this proved so satisfactory that we at once moved him there about midnight—with the most gratifying results. He began to mend at once and soon he was saying that New York Hospital was the best hotel he had come across in America; in fact he was so well cared for in his bed that the doctor had to drive him out of it when he was well enough to get up. Still he had to stay in hospital till the time of sailing for England had nearly arrived. By then he had sufficiently recovered to travel without danger and discomfort; but the illness was practically the end of his visit to America."

A word more on more serious matters. Lascelles in general kept his counsel on the deepest things of life. I never heard him rehearse his own religious creed. In

practice he was a regular communicant ; and, though attendance was at one period at least expected of a master, I feel sure that his presence was not due merely to conformity. Without saying much he gave his friends the impression of a genuinely religious mind, while the sincerity which he expected to find in others he certainly exemplified himself. He studied Christian theology, ancient and modern, while his anthropological reading made him familiar with comparative religion. It is probable that on some vexed questions he kept an open mind. What is certain, as the final chapter will shew, is that he had a deep sense of the obligation of social service, and this sense, I personally do not doubt, was founded on a robust and thoughtful faith.

ARTHUR F. HORT.



AET. 58 *circa*

Face p 46

CHAPTER IV

TRAVELS AND FRIENDSHIPS

A.

MY first impression of all was when I was at the service in the afternoon at Magdalen College, Oxford, as a girl of seventeen, and saw him standing far higher than any other man in the stalls. He had a beard in those days; he was an impressive figure, and, though he stooped slightly, there was dignity and even a certain beauty about him. I only saw him; we were not introduced, and our paths went in different directions, till we met at the Speech Room at Harrow, where Nansen was giving a lecture about his travels to the boys.

But it was a great day in my life when I met him in April 1903 in a railway carriage at Calais, as we were starting on one of the Easter 'Island Cruises' to Greece. He was curled up in the corner with that air combined of a great boy and a very wise observant man, which has been his charm throughout our friendship. He looked keenly alive, and his eyes moved very quickly from one to another of us who were talking. We were my husband, myself, my husband's brother and his wife. The inflexions of his voice had a fullness and music which no other I have ever heard possessed; some resonance of the larynx, no doubt, coming partly from a musical singing voice and a boundless breathing chest capacity. My husband introduced us in the railway carriage, and he brought a new element into the midst of our happy domestic party. We were travelling to Marseilles, and sailed together on the *Argonaut* for Greece.

What three weeks of bliss those were ! What sights, what sounds, what scents ! He was with us a great deal, for he sat at our table. There was something fantastic and sylvan about his mind, and he understood Nature in her most intimate moods. I quote from my diary :

" Mr. Lascelles is the one man to whom we all want to talk. He seems imbued with the spirit of the country, a kindly giant come back to us from ancient times. He must have talked to Pan and the Muses, and listened to the wood nymphs. Anyhow he has a rare good laugh, and makes others happy ; besides he knows what is worth knowing."

The whole golden air of Greece was thrilling round us on her shores ; one enchanted island after another showed itself. Then I was with him at Corinth, gathering asphodels under the immense brilliance of a Mediterranean sunset. " Dust," he said casually, " nothing but dust produces those colours in the sunset." Then darkness came suddenly ; he told me about those stars above us which seemed as big as lamps ; we listened to plainsong with a Greek nasal resonance in the little church he took me into, only lighted by great candles in brass candlesticks. How almost uncannily he could reproduce the Greek singing !

Then at last came Athens in all her might ; I think his power grew and made us drink in the joy of it. Again I quote my diary :

" Mr. Lascelles took us over the Acropolis. With gigantic gestures he bade us understand. But we were pigmies beneath his feet, dazed and giddy with the hugeness of it all. He embraced a column which we could only touch by standing on tiptoe. We lay on the grass and looked up at the Parthenon, blinded by its beauty. W. and Mr. L. had a hot dispute about the old temple, when this began and that ended, etc."

I had the honour of being the only one to walk beside him through the Acropolis Museum. I can never be thankful enough for his interpretation, and his inspired yet modest

way of showing everything. He had marvellous powers of teaching. Everything lives still through his eyes. I once begged him to write a book about the Parthenon and the Athens Museums, "because," I said, "no one else could show just what you showed us." He only laughed and said; "I invented most of it on the spot."

Then we were at Troy: "Mr. Lascelles brought the luncheon basket, and he and W. and I sat in a windless spot, drinking in the great beauty of the plain beneath us, and a stork passed overhead, and for just half-an-hour all was peace."

Delos—that is surely the best impression of all. How he sang the psalms as he went from one rock to another; he was so happy, so absolutely at one with all the mystery of that dead city of dazzling marble. He loved the blood-red poppies and he understood our silly worship of the sea-lavender, a mysterious flower, lilac shot with palest pink against a sea like a peacock's breast. The giant in him fitted in with the Cyclades; the spirit of a genial power gave again all the wild intoxication of Greek myths.

At Patmos I saw him only for a short time, because he walked to the monastery at the top, while I was obliged to rest at the cave of St. John half way up. As I was walking down the steep path from the cave to the little white town, I could not resist stepping aside to look at the cistuses which were dazzling that hot afternoon. As I stooped down I heard a voice behind me, "Have you been happy too?" So noiseless he had come I had not heard him. When I got down to the square in the town, I found him and my husband sitting under the tower where bells were jangling, drinking coffee and eating loukoumi. B.P. was in his happiest mood. Children brought a little rabbit, and he gave it to me and I cuddled it while we talked. There was often a look of deep reverence on his face, at Patmos, as in the Greek church at Corinth.

After our return he wrote to me (May 1st, 1903): "We have certainly had a time to remember and be thankful

for. I am still haunted by the blaze of poppies at Delos, and the splashes of colour in the Smyrna bazaar ; also the golden light on the west face of the Parthenon."

After this he came to our house in London more and more often. Our children loved him. I remember my boy took him down to the front door once and had the great delight of "walking beside him as far as the lamp-post." My little girl, then only three years old, had a special affection for him. I remember the first time he came to have tea with us. She had been prepared for a giant, and when she entered the room she looked up at him in awe, flushed, and made no remark except to greet him. Some callers arrived, and I had to leave the room with one old lady. When I came back, Kitty was seated on the giant's knee. After he left she said to me, "while you were downstairs he was very kind." Had she in her young heart thought of him as a giant out of a fairy tale ?

The years went on. He came to our dinner parties ; he kept every one amused, and we counted on him as something rare and good. He gave me always a deep sense of peace. That is the strange side of him, that though he was brilliant as a flashing gem, witty and mirth-provoking in his blithest moods, yet there was the deeper undercurrent of religion ; and I believe he was always seeking to read into the heart of things, and that for this purpose he had taught himself to pause and listen while he waited to hear the voice of the silence. Thus, while perhaps seeing the vision himself, he certainly brought a deep feeling of repose to others.

My boy was at Harrow for two years, and during that time B. P. was librarian. Often we motored over to the town on the hill, and often our friend did the honours of the Library, where he reigned so wisely and seemed at ease in that big place with its matchless outlook.

Now comes a new chapter in our knowledge of him. In the summer of 1910, while my boy was still at Harrow, he had been ill. I had dared to ask him if he was suffering

(I always was shy in those days about speaking to him of his health). He replied that he wasn't very well, but wound up as usual with some joke about himself.

"I wanted to go to Switzerland, but it's a good way off for a crock, like myself."

"Why not come to us at Heatherside instead?" I ventured. "We are on the heights, and our air is not a bad imitation of the Alps." "I'll think it out," he said. Then he went to Switzerland after all, and I had given up hope of his visiting us when, much to my delight, a long letter came, from somewhere in the Rhone valley, I think, telling me about "chalets like brown velvet" and "stone gallows" and winding up with a suggestion that he should come to us on his return.

The visit was a joy, but for one thing—he was not at all well. The illness he had had in the summer had not really disappeared. He had to be very quiet, to walk little, and rest a great deal, and often he slept. I could see it was sometimes from exhaustion that he slept after a walk along the common of only a mile. But so genial he was, so entirely gentle and understanding, his manners the very essence of courtesy and good breeding. We felt he was happy in spite of not being well, and we let him do exactly what he liked best; sit in the sun in the loggia and nod over his book, wander through the pine forest or doze beside the fire with Kitty and me after tea, and watch the twilight come on whilst listening to the robins outside. Kitty and I read while he drowsed, or else he entertained us with things that a child loves, about birds and animals.

One day I was writing at the bureau between the windows and had lit the candles. Some Michaelmas daisies were there, standing against my damask curtain. I went out quietly so as not to wake him, and when I came back I smelt something. "How delicious," I said, "it is like incense." "Yes, but you nearly set the curtains afire; the candles lighted the Michaelmas daisies, but I put it out." So he had not been asleep after all. He cared for

music, so we had much singing in the hall. Sometimes my sisters and their children came over and we had a gay noisy party with charades. Once at least he took part in the acting himself.

Once on this first visit, in spite of my shyness, I ventured to approach him about the work which he did among the poor in Harrow. "I have been told," I said, "that you are a perfect angel in Harrow to those who are poor or in distress." He smiled. "That is why I am so high-shouldered," he said, "the wings are there." But afterwards he told us a little about the homes of quite respectable but humble people, how often dreary and sordid, but yet how fine a struggle to keep them going.

We went to Greece again together in the spring of 1911; but he had other friends with him, and I had my son to look after. So I did not see so much of him as on the *Argonaut*. I have a good picture of him at Delphi. My son and I sat on the edge of the platform where the Stadium is. He was on the road beneath us. He looked vast and impressive even with that background of immeasurable splendour, as he lifted up his hand and salaamed to us.

After we got back he took some friends and myself to the British Museum. Again there was the spell of Athens in his wonderful voice and the manner in which he breathed life into the marble. He could interpret the obscure and difficult; he could speak with just the right cadence of something lovely and familiar. In front of the Demeter of Cnidos he stood silent, and then, speaking very quietly, "Beautiful sad face!"

Years afterwards, in 1914 in fact, and only two months before the war, we stood together in front of the carved column from the temple of Ephesus, and as he pointed to the winged figure of Death, he quoted to me the words, new to me then, of John Bright, as he pleaded in the House of Commons for the ending of the Crimean War—"The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings." These words

were spoken in so moving a way that I almost saw the wings of the figure beat ; and often during the war I recalled that tragic beauty and heard the inflexions of his voice.

He told me that as a boy of ten he had realised that to die was no worse than to live. Can that have been because his gigantic growth so weakened him that he had to lie on the floor a good part of each day, and give up all hope of going to a public school ? He often had as a man to put up with the gibes of rude boys and the silly remarks of inquisitive and vulgar persons. I know he was sensitive about his height. It gave him positive pleasure to snub strangers who came up and asked him about his extra inches. One of the things I most regret is that I never—the few times we talked about that rarely mentioned topic—could persuade him that it was in some ways a great advantage to be taller than others.

He was beloved because his mind was original, partly no doubt the result of having had to lead a different life to most men. Through being big his outlook on life was big, and he saw his points with lightning clearness. But he could not suffer fools gladly. I fancy he was apt to be censorious, especially to commonplace and pretentious people. Any littleness or silliness of mind drove him frantic. But this he controlled. To humble, ill, sad folk he was an angel.

I have often tried to discover whence the bitter tinge of his thought came, why something seemed to rankle at the back of his outwardly sunny nature. I think I understand it better at the end of his life. He had not fulfilled his destiny as a man. He was keenly domestic, yet he never married. He loved to use his limbs as a giant to run his course, yet he was even from boyhood burdened by the inevitable disabilities of his huge frame—a heart taxed beyond measure, too keenly sensitive nerves—hence the sometimes quick lightning words which could hurt. Had he had five or six inches off his height, life would have been easier for him ; yet I doubt if he would

have been just that strangely fascinating creature. Though he became far more mellow in his later years, 'like old Burgundy,' as someone has said, yet he still often had that questioning look on his face when in repose.

Once I spoke to him of my visits to the Heart Hospital. He said "it is at a hospital that one finds out the things that matter."

He was quiet and supremely gentle in his movements, "like a great St. Bernard dog" as someone said; and if he came into a room, so silent was he in walking that he usually whistled or sang softly to himself to tell us he was there.

He was a member of the Managing Committee of the Lower School of John Lyon, which used to hold its meetings about twice a year at our house in Sussex Place, Regent's Park. When I knew the day I used to write beforehand and ask him to stay to supper, or my husband used to invite him at the meeting, and usually he stayed. One occasion early in the winter of 1917 was memorable. At 7 o'clock, just as the meeting was breaking up, I had peeped over the staircase to see how many hats were left, and was preparing to go down to the library, when bang! bang! bang!—I knew that we were in for an air raid. I went to see to the servants, and then to the library, where I found B. P., looking vastly amused and interested. It was, I think, his first experience of a raid at close quarters. We had our supper, and set to roasting chestnuts, and had one of the old delightful talks, as on the *Argonaut* or *Dunottar Castle*, with the difference that the accompaniment was not the sound of the sea, but the roaring and wailing of the shells. It lasted for three hours; as far as my own wish went, it was all too short. For were we not sharing the peril of the soldiers? Were we not good, tried friends together? Did it not bring us all nearer in sympathy?

In the summer of 1919 he came early in August. Maurice Hewlett was with us too, and there was a revival of the inspiring talks of days before the war. The weather

was gorgeous, and we sat out in the loggia until quite late at night, the moon shining, and the lime-blossom scent wafted to us across the lawn. Then it was that for the first and only time I heard his beautiful voice in perfection. We were all talking about and humming Gilbert and Sullivan songs, when he sang with full rich melodic notes, by heart unaccompanied, the Sentinel's song from *Iolanthe*. This was the only time I ever heard him sing.

One evening he spoke to us about his first seeing the Alps. He had been considered too delicate for anything more than a two-mile walk. A Harrow master, one of his colleagues, had taken him out to Switzerland on his own responsibility, and the very first day that they were up in the high Alps this friend had taken him for a walk of some seven miles. They had climbed and scrambled in the life-giving air until they reached an edge along the precipice, whence they got a vision suddenly of Monte Rosa on the other side. "Imagine me," he said; "I had led almost an invalid life till then. I had been told what to do and what not to do. Imagine what it felt like to see that great thing all at once and without any sort of preparation for it!" And he flung out his arms with that familiar gesture.

In July, 1921, he went with his niece to Ullswater. He wrote from Glenridding on July 5th, "The drought has lowered the lake by nearly two feet, and the becks are sadly dwindled, some are dry, others reduced to a tepid thread, while the larger ones are a series of pools linked together by a thin stream. Waterfalls there are none. However we find sufficient water to drink with our sandwiches, if we search long enough. The heat is great, inducing a tendency to seek shade and sleep; but we have some glorious walks. Flowers are not much except in such meadows as are still unmown. Of directly moorland plants we have come across the purple *pinguicula* (butterwort) which is nearly over, the delicate mauve bog *pimpernel*, which is not common, and along certain streams masses

of the yellow *mimulus* (monkey flower) with a crimson spot on the lower lip ; a glorious flower."

When he came to us in September, though he said he felt feeble, he certainly was cheerful, and the days passed too quickly. A girl who was staying with us was studying primitive archaeology at Newnham, and it was delightful to see him waking up to the joy of talking to her on their common subject. He became better, and was able to walk more than on the last visit. We all went to the Reading Museum, where he was in his element among the pots and flint implements.

He came to stay at Heatherside on New Year's Eve till the following Saturday (January 7th, 1922). The last afternoon, after a happy morning over a book of Greek sculpture, we took him back in the motor to Headland. We had tea with him, and then we left him looking peaceful and happy. It was on this last visit that he was speaking of the nobly unselfish life of Dr. Reginald Farrar, who died of typhus while grappling with the epidemic at Moscow. He then said that he thought the finest life was that of a man who died in harness. That was his own lot six days after he left us.

He was a great gentleman. I think that Duty was always the first thing with him. Work was the salt of life, and the love which he bestowed on so many was the Christ-like love for mankind. Light I associate vividly with him, because he keenly enjoyed it and because he gave it out. I do not think I ever saw him in a very gloomy room. His wisdom, and the power to help others to understand was a rare and great gift. It is not all who, knowing as much as he did, can impart their knowledge modestly, with fire and with conviction. If he did not know a thing, he was always ready with his "I've no notion."

Then his reverence. No one I ever knew showed such respect and reverence for the inner shrines of life. Whether in Greek church, pagan temple or Wesleyan chapel, the

true sacred fire was kindled and burned within him in their precincts.

His conversation had a rare stimulating quality. His quick responsiveness, with its charm of quaint wit, was employed, not in any monopoly of talk, but in the kindly aim to make others feel that they too were talking well. His humour was at its best in the give and take of common talk, and hence is not capable of adequate reproduction. But many phrases used to recur and stick in the mind. A cummerbund was always called a 'come-undone'; his highest praise for anyone was "he ought to be stuffed"; and he proposed a work to be entitled: "Half Hours in a Wet Ditch; The Student's Introduction to Rheumatism."

His inclination to censoriousness has been mentioned. Brilliant gifts made him impatient to those who were pretentious or silly. Bores he could not stand, and inquisitive folk were an abomination. What he could not bear was affectation of knowledge, and he had no room for the vulgar and superficial. But an honest ignoramus, an illiterate human being appealed to him, so long as there was simplicity to deal with and a desire for something better. I think there was a personal dislike to certain voices and tiresome habits, and that the irritation which would be smothered by a less fastidious man could not be disguised by him. He had a very graphic way of describing idiosyncrasies in some of his fellow creatures, and with his great acting gifts he must have been sorely tempted to 'take them off.' But I never knew him mimic anyone unkindly. He did not go beyond quaint nicknames; the 'snapping turtle,' the 'rose-beetle' and the 'golliwog' are fresh in my memory.

He had certain narrow limitations in his tastes. His sense of colour was conventional rather than artistic; I do not think he had lived with artists or thought much about them.

Then his musical taste; I never was sure of his complete sympathy, and was always nervous of singing before him.

He had at one time a voice of marvellous compass, three full octaves ; he used to tell us of the delight he had in surprising his audience by giving a bass song as an encore to an alto ! But when I knew him he had lost control of it, and said that he could no longer sing in tune.

When I look back, the things that come to me most vividly are his great kindness, immeasurable pity for all that is weak and erring, his wisdom, knowledge, fortitude, wit, and delight in joyous things ; never asking for anything special that he wanted, but simply thanking God if it came to him ; his power of carrying burdens and unravelling problems ; his power of seeing the best ; his " patience in delays " ; his generosity in giving his service to those who needed help.

" Why faintest thou ? I wandered till I died ;
Roam on ; the Light we sought is shining still."

CHARLOTTE M. LEAF.

B

OF late years, apart from short visits to relations and to one set of friends, my uncle's holidays had meant a few weeks each summer in the lake country. He seemed more and more to revel in and gain refreshment from all that was simplest and untouched. Charabanc excursions and artificial waterfalls his soul abhorred !

A long silent walk up the fells—(he liked company, only it mustn't talk out loud !) ; an afternoon under the shadow of a big rock, partly sleeping, partly watching the far-off sky-line of the opposite slopes ;—or else lying high up in the sunshine, looking back over stretches of lake and wood.

" You can't ' better well '," he would say, and one knew that his spirit was content.

And then suddenly the old enterprise would take him rejoicing along untried ways and to the top of Helvellyn !

In the long light evenings he sat outside the hotel (that

hotel which was also to him something of a home) quietly watching the life of the place as it passed below him. And, with him, watching was always so much more than mere looking ! Cold or wet found him inside in the hall or smoking-room, holding cheerful or serious converse with his fellow visitors (and everyone wanted to be included in the circle !) and making that atmosphere of ' worth-while ' which he always gave to the most casual interchange of ideas, provided that it was genuine.

And sometimes in these holiday hours—and perhaps at no others—the rare whimsicalness, which the war years quenched utterly for the time, would reappear for a transforming moment.

He loved children—the smaller the better. In the schools he lingered in the infant room, moving quietly round looking at the drawings on the slates, or the inventions of the ' free ' hour. The infant prize-giving was an evening of real happiness to him ; the children in the hospital he conversed with for hours as equals ; in the halls of hotels he would button small strangers into their coats ; in the street he recognised friends in perambulators in a wonderful way. He had the utmost respect for children's feelings and thoughts, showing them the same courtesy and consideration that he did to the grown-ups. He never teased, never doubted, and never forced their confidence, with the result that he had their instant trust, and the smiles on meeting were mutual ! Even little Zachary, the dream-boy of his pageant scene of the Founding of Harrow School, whose identity has never wholly been established, lay very close to his heart. It was with a touch of real wistfulness that he would show one in the Library the traced outline in the drawing of the Memorial Tablet to John and Joan Lyon, as it was found on being moved to its present position in the Parish Church. And then the quick gratitude because one fell in with the dream !

Just as his mind, though full of every conceivable interest, yet was in such fine and burnished order that no one

set of thoughts ever blurred or jostled the other, but only met and touched to the embellishment of both ; so in his house at Harrow (chosen chiefly for its view and its head-room !) filled with widely varying possessions gradually and lovingly collected round him throughout his life—there was the same completeness of idea and absence of conflict, which, joined with his keen sense of the exact fitness of things, made those who knew ‘ Headland ’ find it the most restful place on earth.

And yet always some work was going forward : notices for the hospital meeting, answers to endless notes put in at the door, interviews with all manner of folk who came seeking help from his wealth of understanding counsel ; the writing of letters to all and sundry. Always the unquestioning response to every demand made on his time or powers ;—always beside him his firm rule to ‘ clear his table.’ Each day’s work must be done inside that day. Afterwards—his writing table, left at that moment’s call, was a silent witness how faithfully he lived up to that rule.

He wrote letters with much care, seeking long for the word he wanted and often re-writing even letters to friends, if he felt he had not given the impression he wished to. He complained of himself that he never could put enough ‘ gravy ’ in his letters, they were too abrupt and ‘ sudden!’ But those who read them realised that no enlargement was needed to the brief sentences ; each word gave its own especial weight to the meaning, and the qualification and bias which others would have added after were made clear all through by the unerring choice of language and the characteristic turn of the sentences.

Wanders round his garden came in between whiles. He loved some of his flowers, particularly his roses and the white pinks, but he complained that most of the seed he sowed came up groundsel, and said on the whole he preferred *other* people to make gardens and let *him* come and sit in them !

His spare moments were never an aimless doing of noth-

ing—he dawdled restfully and contentedly. Then, with a glance at his watch and a brief word of farewell (or none at all !) he would start forthwith for the meeting or appointment, his mind suddenly alert and fixed on the business ahead.

And when all was done, then came a pipe, and the long quiet read far into the night.

It was a matter of course to him to try to ease the burdens he met with in others' lives hour by hour, but often this was done so skilfully and from such an unexpected direction—so often under cover of a whimsical joke or on the plea of his own convenience or preference, that only long after would the intention be realised.

“The motives are very mixed,” he would reply airily, when one protested that he was pursuing a course entirely for someone else's pleasure or convenience and nothing to his own—and one was left helpless !

And alongside his great-hearted compassion, and in reality an outcome of it, lay his stern creed of individual responsibility. To be a stumbling-block was the greatest crime. “I have been making it worse for other people” was his own keen self-reproach after a difficult meeting ; and the slightest hint of the shifting of a responsibility to someone else's conscience received his instant and cutting condemnation.

For the sympathy and aid he gave to others he asked none in return, and admitted himself that he carried this characteristic to a fault, but did not see how to mend it. And coupled with this, at least in later years, was a tacit acceptance of any task that came along ; it was all good so long as it needed doing.

As a boy of eleven he lay full length on the floor (because of his tired back), under the table to be out of the way, and read Pope for his own pleasure without looking for any understanding from the grown-ups ; later, he made chemical experiments in the carpenter's shop, under the kindly jeers of the men, buying pennyworths of broken clay pipe stems

from the village shop to use in the place of the glass tubing beyond his power to purchase and impossible to ask for ! In his first term at Oxford he remained dismally lonely until an inspired stranger sought him out and made life possible. And when the war years came, more than once was the chairman's post relinquished for the thousand-fold more arduous one of secretary ; the typewriter was learnt at real cost, so that the work might be the better done, and two or three years of office drudgery were given as a matter of course with only the cheerful comment afterwards that " there was precious little in it when it was all done."

CLARE LLOYD BAKER.

C.

I have read of Mr. Lascelles that he knew the streets of Athens and Corinth almost as well as those of Harrow ; and in talking to him one often felt that other times, as well as other places, were as clear in his mind as the present. I suppose many other people besides myself must have felt, after their first visit to a museum with him, that they had never really enjoyed one before ; ' yawneries,' as he would call them, after giving one the most delightful time among collections where one would have been hopelessly lost and bewildered without his help. He had the gift of a born teacher of selecting from the store of his wonderful memory what would hold and appeal to his hearers, and leave their minds opened to a new interest which they would never lose ; his facts were never dry, but always had the background of smaller circumstances which made them alive. But nobody could have been more free from any sort of schoolmasterish omniscience, and his amusing phrase " I've black forgotten " is familiar and homely in the minds of his friends.

As I first knew him—at Arolla in 1909—he was a very much younger and more light-hearted person than he

seemed to be of late years ; but much as the war had aged him, if it had been possible to go again into the exhilarating mountain air with the same jolly party, I believe the old spirit would have revived. I hardly think anybody who has not been in Switzerland with him would imagine the extraordinary flow of absolutely ridiculous stories and jests which made even the interminable hotel meals seem short, and often reduced his party to helpless tears of laughter, and the rest of the hotel to envious attempts to hear the joke. He must have given pleasure to many people by his ready interest in small things—little flowers and birds (this for once without any special knowledge), and all sorts of everyday matters, even including hats and dresses. This is perhaps connected with the scientific love of detail ; anyhow it was very pleasant in a man of such wide learning, and made him the most delightful companion for walks, whether in town or country, for nothing was uninteresting to him. The collections of various flowers in dishes of moss which some members of the Swiss parties liked to make for the dinner-table, and which he was pleased to call ‘ little dogs’ graves,’ were always sure of attention. He was delightful with children, and had all sorts of conjuring tricks to amuse them ; besides his very popular imitations of animals, and his great accomplishment of purring so as to deceive even cats. I remember the look of astonishment and rapture on the face of a little boy at Adelboden (who had been casting awed glances at him from a neighbouring table, evidently fascinated by his height), when he picked up and casually swallowed, first a cork, then a napkin ring, a corkscrew, and various other odds and ends. The child’s face was worth seeing.

Apart from all these frivolities, everyone knows the delightfully humorous twist that he would give to most subjects, sometimes by some queer and expressive word of his own invention. But besides his great powers as a talker, he was a most unusually sympathetic listener ; in conversation he invariably gave his full attention to what

was being said, and this, with the consequent complete and immediate understanding, is curiously rare. Perhaps it was partly this quality of concentration on the matter in hand that made him such a very restful companion. I think everyone must have felt this, but it is difficult to analyse ; I am sure his unusually beautiful speaking voice had something to do with it.

He would sometimes say that he had little power of purely artistic appreciation and in music he certainly seemed as a rule to be more interested in the construction of a work than in the musical ideas themselves ; but after going to Athens we always tried to refute this by reminding him of the Parthenon.

Morning visits to the Acropolis were mostly spent in 'archaeologising'—hearing about history and theories, studying the subtle curves that make the Parthenon seem to 'ride the earth,' poking about among the fallen fragments (with attention to spare for the irises, asphodel, and aromatic plants that grow among them)—and turning into the little museum when it got too hot outside. In the late afternoon as the sun began to get low, there was never any need to discuss what the party wanted to do : the attraction of the Acropolis at sunset was irresistible ; and then the delightful lectures were impossible, for nobody could do anything but watch. The lucky people who have spent many hours at the Parthenon with him know very well that here he was an artist, and that his intense interest in its history and its marvellous construction took its proper place as a mere background to his love of its overwhelming beauty.

DOROTHY MOGGRIDGE.

D.

As I stood once in bright sunshine looking up at the newly erected statue of Florence Nightingale and Sydney Herbert, came the thought that surely England was the first to

delight to honour thus tangibly a friendship between man and woman. With it came the precious certainty that sometimes an obscure life can be irradiated by such an ideal friendship with one from whom the things that matter can be freely sought. These friendships are supreme gifts, and only when they end on earth can their 'perfect round' be perceived in beautiful entirety. For more than thirty years there was no shadow upon the brightness of mine, for Brian Lascelles never entered our home without making those within it happier—and wiser. That he cared to come was incomprehensible to us, but at least, recognising the fine shades of his wonderful character, we knew how to appreciate our privilege. "Where do you keep your bores? I never meet them," he said once without an idea that the words of Pascal plainly answered that question—"Plus on est original, plus on rencontre d'originaux."

He had a deep affection for my only brother, based upon their common passion for science, and they were contemporaries at Oxford during his last year at Magdalen. Their acquaintance began when it fell to my brother's lot to beg settlement of a wager as to height in a respectful letter, a courteous reply to which overlooked the impertinence of youth. It is not for me to speak of Oxford, except to note that one of the outstanding events of my first halcyon 'Commem' was an introduction and a word or two from one then described to me as the most popular man in the University. It was only the undiscerning who imagined that his height alone made him inevitably the central figure in all societies. The magic of his personality would have triumphed, had the trial he bore with such unfailing dignity and grace not been his. In after years sacred confidences revealed what it had meant to him, making me sorrow for the dull want of comprehension shown in certain of the obituary notices—mere trivial anecdotage written by those who knew him not.

It seems but yesterday he came to Harrow and was at

once brought to see us on a Sunday afternoon by our beloved old Harrow friend, Gustave Masson—a man with the heart of a child, and the proportions of a jovial French Pickwick. All that was irresistible in ‘Mons. Mass’—his universal nick-name—appealed strongly to Brian Lascelles, and we doubtless owe it to him that he took us on trust. We were all a trifle in awe of him, and half afraid, if wholly pleased, when he consented to stay and dine, as ‘Mons.’ always did. That simple repast was the first of a long, long sequence of those he stamped with distinction. If we had an interesting visitor, our first thought was to secure him, our second that, when we had done this, the celebrity in question would certainly enjoy our modest entertainment, because of the champagne sparkle he gave it.

As a talker he was unique, wise and witty, nothing was too small for that great mind. He listened like a Récamier. Then came the apt word, the quick repartee. He was accused—it may be justly—of not being all things to all men; but to his intimates the entire sympathy, the gold-mine of varied scholarship, were ever at full and gracious disposal. His courtesy was never more exquisitely expressed than in his behaviour to the old. To my father, for many years infirm and somewhat deaf, he invariably paid marked attention, sitting beside him that he might hear, and often, as one at least noticed, leading the conversation to his listener’s favourite topics, literature and gardening. My mother he treated with a warm cordiality making it charming to see them together, as they joked over his steam laundry schemes or he questioned how many clean aprons his parlourmaid required weekly. She never forgot how in the dark shadow of tribulation he clasped her hand saying: “At any day, at any hour, count on me.”

When my father lured Louis N. Parker to London, struck by his brilliant talents, it became customary for him to read his plays at our house to an audience fit if few,

after a cheerful lunch at which Brian Lascelles was the bright particular star. He never missed one of these numerous meetings, but I recall my consternation once when we were compelled to begin with his chair empty, feeling that without him all would be failure. At last he dropped into what he called his own place, to be scolded and menaced with dry chicken by his hostess. "My dear lady, what would you have? Poor —— took sanctuary in my house from —— (naming a local terror) and I had to protect him."

During the reading I can see his face with its rapid changes of expression, and hear his astute criticism or warm concise praise. Harrovians will dissect his own pageant scenes, read first to me and to my father, but I am proud to be sure that pageant emanated from his meetings with Louis Parker, whom he much liked. Stretched in an armchair smoking one of the superlative cigars left to my brother by W. S. Gilbert, a connoisseur, he would make suggestions often hailed with acclamation by the playwright. Ordinary conventions or flattery were never his. His commendation was felt to be a high honour, because all knew honest conviction alone dictated it. We were friends for long before he spoke of my own crude early work, or gave me that entire sympathy with it, which became constant during twenty years, with results of inestimable value, incurring a heavy debt most gratefully acknowledged. But once upon a Christmas Eve he appeared saying with a smile: "I have come to be presented to Anthony Milo," and I put into his big warm hand the queer little doll of which I had told in the little book *Myself, When Young*, that he had deigned to approve. We were the ordinariest family party, yet he stayed, and never again will there be such a merry Christmas. He conducted the glees, waving his long arm and singing pianissimo as he waved "O hush thee, my babie." Finally he stood purring like one of the cats of whom he was fond; he often harboured the starving attracted to his door.

As he beamed beneath the old-fashioned chandelier, he was enchanted at finding a girl cousin sharing the quaint accomplishment which enraptured every child he met. And for a child to meet him was to make an epoch in its small life.

Was he at his best as the perfect host, or as the perfect guest? To us, who knew him in every aspect of both characters, this is an unanswerable question. Of all pleasures we could offer to our friends, what could equal that of being shown over Harrow by the Librarian of the Vaughan Library, except, it might be, the gay tea at his house afterwards? What treasures of out-of-the-way information were then airily conveyed—how ‘lightly like a flower’ did he wear his weight of learning. With what inimitable humour would he gravely offer a tiny ‘twig from the tree of knowledge’ to the young folks as a souvenir of the historic fourth form room.¹ On one memorable afternoon did he not lock the doors of the empty Speech room, and perform a *pas seul* for a select audience of two?

Of many blue summer Speech-days two stand out conspicuously. One when Percy White the novelist and I were his sole guests, and he surpassed himself in ‘quip and crank,’ the other closing his official connection with the school, when a touch of pathos lay behind the gaiety. It is strange to recall how with every important visitor to the school knowing him, or wishing to know him, he allowed his intimates to monopolise him.

It is a true saying that no one really knew Brian Lascelles who had not travelled with him and watched him promoting universal *entente cordiale* by the very grace of his manner and bearing. Another old friend, Mr. William Miller—first of living authorities on Greek history—said of him to my brother: “He knew Athens as if it were Regent Street,” but alas none of us ever went in his company to

¹ This room is used for the head-master’s executions, and fragments of apple twigs can be picked out with a penknife between the floorboards.—Ed.

Greece. The next best thing surely was to hear him describe his wanderings. Just returned from a journey to Greece he was sharing its pleasure with us, and my mother laughingly questioned him as to the proportion of men to women in the party. "To each of us a damsel or two," was the quick reply.

In the vanished Switzerland of the eighties and nineties how many were our joyous meetings, and what kindness he showed to the people. To claim acquaintance with *le grand Monsieur* was at once to acquire merit, and secure attention in many a mountain village. Many a pleasant tale was told by those he helped as he went on his holiday way. Did an old woman mourn her drowned cow? Straightway he would organize what he called a 'friendly lead,' himself telling stories inimitably, and conjuring money from the most closely buttoned pockets.

It was at Zinal that, when a deplorable Alpine accident took place, full knowledge of his absolute unselfishness was brought home to me. The slightest passing acquaintance with the unfortunate lady crushed to death by a stone avalanche and her unhappy companion, brought well-nigh distraught into Zinal by two guides, was enough for him. He took complete command, my brother and I doing our small share under his able direction. It fell to my lot to watch the survivor through a long night of delirium, until with the first gleam of dawn sleep came to her. As I crept out sleepily in quest of water to boil for tea, I found Brian Lascelles fully dressed keeping vigil in the ice-cold passage "In case I might be wanted." He was worn out and very pale, and that tea which we shared in mugs—he jested as he read "For a Good Boy" on his—was as it were a sacrament giving new and deeper meaning to our comradeship. He spoke freely then, while "God made Himself an awful rose of dawn," of death and the other life. Tragic circumstances rent the veil of reserve. When it fell, it was upon most reverent remembrances of his faith and hope.

With the war a fresh chapter began in the life soon to be laid down from the hard effect of that wonderful personal service ; untiring service, unceasing, fragrant with the perfect work of patience, of wise beneficence, of a generosity combined with a secrecy making its wide extent unguessed. He lavished himself upon his country in her dire need, and what a noble gift his was. With us on the black Sunday of disaster he yet masked his wounded patriotism with infectious cheerfulness. He and my brother—King's men both in the highest sense—broke the royal rule as we sat sadly at our scanty meal. One solitary bottle of a hock of which he had been fond lingered in the depleted cellar. " Lascelles, old man, there's an enemy and an alien on the sideboard." " Let us intern him," was the answer, with the action suited to the word. In his sole person he was a veritable guild of help. It was so natural to ask it. We forgot, it may be, the heaviness of his self-imposed burden. I was at my wits' end once to get a cornet for a soldier in hospital literally pining for the instrument upon which he proved ability to play but half a tune indifferently, and that ' The Last Rose of Summer.' Of course I wrote to Brian Lascelles. A post-card came by return : " Shall be with you to-morrow with shawm." Could anybody else make a joy of a post-card ? In these stray memories this seems the place to speak of his letters, and to prove that he alone failed to recognise their charm, for he was a born letter-writer. To turn over numbers interleaving old diaries is to perceive in them an unmistakeably Lamb-like touch. They were, in his favourite phrase, ' full of meat,' or to use his self-coined adjective, ' plumdufferous.' It was said " he kept his friends in water-tight compartments " —there I do not agree. I knew them all before ever I met them, especially " my niece C——," and knew in what high estimate he held his chosen. There is one letter of two lines irresistible for quotation—a reply to another sent him during the brief respite of a war holiday. There are many others who watched amazed the self-sacrifice of

his prolonged hospitality to a Belgian market-gardener and his wife, whose large family he also clothed, though they were boarded elsewhere. It was my weekly privilege to try to help him a little in his task, and I can see him kneeling upon the floor winding up a mechanical pig whilst the little exiles screamed with delight. Whilst he was away, these people poured out their gratitude to me, and I heard what he would never have told. Impulse for once ruled paramount. Indescribably touched I wrote to him and told him the thoughts which could not have been spoken. The answer—as always—was immediate. “Overwhelmed. But I like it.” It might well be said that the only subject of which he was ignorant was himself, for in discussing letter-writing he remarked : “ Mine are so little to my mind, I always copy them for special folks.” My sense of humiliation upon hearing I was one who gave him this trouble may be imagined.

He was delightfully easy to please with small gifts, and until the war always treasured them. Sending me then a box of choice valuables and curios for a Red Cross tombola, he wrote on a scrap of paper : “ I hate to part. But here they are.” One day the precious pig arrived—a clever Viennese toy, the gift to him of a Russian Princess. He stood by as we raffled him and, when I won, said—“ Piggy’s got a good home. Glad. Don’t give him away,” and no child has yet cajoled him from my keeping.

Of the scientific attainments admired by my brother ignorance compels silence. Of his wonderful range of general literary knowledge my humble note of admiration may be recorded. Turgènev was his favourite novelist ; of moderns he was rather intolerant, except for a delight in de Morgan, who certainly satisfied his preference for ‘ a good roomy novel.’ To hear him talk Turgènev was an education to one who was then writing of him in an article for the *Nineteenth Century* suggested by his delicate appreciation of Turgènev’s mastery in the portraiture of maidenhood. To poetry he professed himself indifferent,

yet, when in 1914 I sent him Wordsworth's *Patriotic Poems* in a cheap reprint, he wrote "Immense. I am converted." Their austere sublimity chimed well with his own noble consecration to the need of England.

During his last visit to Camberley he wrote reassuring letters as to his health and of his quiet enjoyment "Where I am always at home." On his return there came a note. "When this north wind abates, I shall surely come." This was the only promise he ever broke, for uneasy about him I went instead to spend what proved to be a final happy afternoon at his house. The shadow of death in my own home had given way to bright short-lived hope, and he rejoiced with me with an optimism about himself which his quick intuition made him feel would be a cordial for me. The purple winter iris he loved blossomed in the comfortable room of the many books, and when the time came to say farewell, the moon shone gloriously. Although his unexpected, perhaps half-serious touch of superstition made him unwilling to cross the churchyard in solitude, he always went with me to the other side. This time, sternly forbidden to face the cold, he yielded, and alone, yet comforted as always, my way was trodden. When I next came it was to drop my violets into an open grave, as one of a great concourse of mourners. The birds were singing. The harsh north wind had given place to softer air.

Earth was poorer, Heaven richer for Brian Piers Lascelles—that very perfect gentleman.

ROWLAND GREY.

E.

I suppose that the most noticeable characteristic of Lascelles, besides his unusual height, was his extremely interesting and amusing conversation. He knew most things and could talk about them remarkably well. There was very much of a serious side to his character, but that very seldom appeared even to his most intimate friends,

though one always knew that it was there, and that he was a friend that one could trust more than most people. No doubt he had his likes and dislikes, like other people, but I do not think he was a 'good hater,' and with all his amusing talk he never said ill-natured things of anyone. Many people thought him frivolous, but he was not.

I remember very well our first time together in Switzerland. He wrote to us at Arolla to engage a room for him, with a note "The bed is best made on the floor." Then he joined us there and we were quite a large party of friends. There was George Fortescue of the British Museum and his wife, the whole Griffith family (or nearly all of it) from Harrow, Sir Reginald and Lady Elizabeth Cust and their two daughters, and some more, I forget who they were. It was a quite accidental meeting for most of us. I remember Lascelles rushing out to us in great excitement with "Here's old man G—— turned up, with his pocket full of 'ometers and 'scopes, and I left him boiling a thermometer to find the altitude." His first attempt at climbing was a failure. A party of us went up to the Pas de Chèvres, a very mild expedition, and he broke down altogether and for a short time we were really anxious about how we should get him home. He characteristically consoled himself with claiming that we had broken a record, for whereas hitherto no one had ever taken more than three hours over it, we had taken six. But later he became quite an expert climber, and did some really good ascents. Indeed, before we left Arolla, he and Fortescue and I went to the same Pas de Chèvres in normal time, so much good did the high air (6,570 ft.) do to him. At evening entertainments at Arolla he sang songs, sometimes in a good baritone and sometimes in a very clever falsetto, remarkably well, and on one occasion did some delightful fooling as showman of live wax-works, he representing a Harrow boy in a short jacket made so by turning up the tails of his dress-coat. He could do conjuring tricks cleverly. On one occasion, being kept waiting for a *café complet* one afternoon,

he professed to be too hungry to wait any longer and frightened the waitress seriously by apparently swallowing the table-napkins of the three of us. It was very realistic.

We were with him at Chandolin in 1898, and in 1903 my wife and her brother were at Chamonix and the Riffelalp with him. They went out with him and found him an excellent fellow-traveller. In 1900 my wife and daughter and I were with him in Rome for some time, he staying at the Minerva Hotel (close to S. Maria sopra Minerva) and we in lodgings not far off. We did a lot of exploring together, he looking out for the classical and I for the ecclesiastical antiquities, until my wife declared that we were like 'Giant Pope and Giant Pagan.' I remember one grand afternoon on the Palatine, under the guidance of one of the excavation people, whose face, and the marvellous way in which he knew what all the rooms were, made Lascelles decide that he was the Emperor Tiberius come to life again. Another day which remains in my memory is that on which we went by train to Albano and then got a carriage and drove round by the Lake of Nemi. Even he could not resist the obvious quotation *Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma Hospitio modico*, when we stopped to have some coffee at a very poor inn at Ariccia, at one end of the lake. Then L. and I walked by the water's edge to the other end of the lake, trying to identify the site of the grove and temple, etc., where "The ghastly priest doth reign, The priest that slew the slayer And shall himself be slain," and he especially commended Macaulay's use of the word 'reign,' the priest being also king. Of course he knew all that had been said about the place. When we got back to Albano, Lascelles returned to Rome, but we stayed the night there. On our way with him to the station we found ourselves the centre of an admiring mob, for news had gone round that there was a giant to be seen, and crowds of undersized Italians came from all the narrow streets to look at him. Another incident which comes to my mind is that one day we were in a

restaurant, lunching at a window which looked out on the Piazza di Venezia, whence many tramcars started. 1900 was the *Anno santo* of the Jubilee, and Rome was full of pilgrims, one of whose objects was to make visits to certain churches so many times. One of these was S. Paolo fuori le Mura, and the trams going there were overcrowded, and, as Lascelles put it, "the conductor was combing people off the sides and roof all the time." As we watched we saw two picturesque old women in the costume of (I think) the Benevento country, with flat head-dresses and grey veils, looking like sibyls out of an early renaissance picture. With them was a feeble-looking old priest in a shabby cassock, and the three made several ineffective attempts to board a tram. Lascelles said: "Don't you think we ought to go and help those dear old dames to get a seat? They seem perfectly helpless." So we went, and while we were offering in our best Italian (which was only very moderate) to help them, a weird little creature in rather flashy modern clothes came up and addressed us in good American: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but these two ladies are my aunts, and I'm going to see them through, if you please." The contrast was amazing—antiquity and modernity.

Lascelles was an excellent man to travel with. He was curiously economical, for it was one of his characteristics that, though he was strikingly generous with his money and gave away freely where it was wanted, he never 'chucked' or wasted it, least of all on himself, and in travelling always got his money's worth. And he knew all the ropes uncommonly well, and was ready for any emergency.

Of course we saw him very little after we came to live in Cornwall, though whenever we were in London (about every year) and went to Harrow to see our daughter, we always saw him too. Two or three times he stayed with us in Cornwall, and it was pleasing to introduce him to new scenery and a new set of antiquities, of which he knew

nothing. Once we stayed with him at Harrow, and while we were there, my wife caught influenza and was laid up for some time—a horrid thing to happen anywhere, but especially in some one else's house. Nothing could exceed his kindness and attention, though it must have been a dreadful nuisance for him.

Of late years he seemed to age rather suddenly. I think it was the effect of two or three bad attacks of influenza, and for the last few years of his life he had gone off a good deal in his conversational powers, and had ceased to take much interest in so many things. He seemed to have become rather gloomy and melancholy, though there was, as far as I know, nothing except health to make him so. In his best days he was about the best conversationalist that I ever met, for he did not monopolize the whole talk, but listened to what other people had to say, and drew them out, and his general knowledge of most things was wonderful.

HENRY JENNER.

CHAPTER V

CIVIC LIFE AT HARROW, 1914-1922

THE delightful personality of the late Brian Piers Lascelles touched life at so many and such wide-apart points of contact that different groups of his many friends and acquaintances still think and talk of him, and will continue to think of him from different points of view. School and college friendships, art, science, music, literature, all appealed to, and had attractions for him, and—circumstanced as he was—with his high attainments and natural gifts, he might easily, had he been so minded, have lived a life of lettered ease and intellectual enjoyment. But he was not so minded, that was not his outlook upon life. There was another and stronger side to his character. The one activity, which occupied so much of his time and thoughts during the last twenty three years of his life and to which he devoted himself so wholeheartedly and unselfishly, was his personal service for the welfare and benefit of his neighbours, his fellow townsmen, and the community in which he lived. This became with him, especially latterly, a work to which all other calls of interest or pleasure must give way, a work to be discharged from an overmastering and compelling sense of duty. He talked very little about it—and then only on the business side of it—to those with whom his public work brought him in direct contact. Even members of his own family, and intimate friends outside Harrow (as was realised at the time of his death), were quite unaware of the extent and variety of his public labours and duties, and of the zeal,

energy and care with which he discharged them. Nor was it as if the environment of his youth and early manhood had specially prepared or fitted him for the municipal and public work which he first entered upon at the age of thirty. Rather might they be said to have been in the nature of a special disqualification for such work. He had been delicate as a child, and was privately educated at various country rectories until he went to Oxford. There followed what he always spoke of as the happiest period of his life, seven years' residence at Magdalen. Thence, at the age of twenty-six, on the appointment of Dr. Butler, he joined the staff of Harrow School. In such sheltered surroundings there is little of the rough-and-tumble of ordinary work-a-day life, of shoulder-rubbing with all sorts and conditions of men, which is generally regarded as the best training for service on popularly elected bodies. He was well aware of this himself, and, when he first entered public life, used frequently to make humorous allusion to his own ignorance of and unfitness for the job. All his knowledge of it, he said, was derived from the works of his favourite Dickens, and for a long time he could only think and speak of it as 'Bumbledom.' When he first became a member of the Middlesex County Council, which required attendance at Westminster, I used to call for him by arrangement, generally to find him stretched at full length in a long chair reading a volume of the Early Fathers, or, it might be, Rabelais, and entirely oblivious of any meetings at Westminster or elsewhere. But on my appearance he would at once jump up with an exclamation of 'Bumbledom', and away we would start down the hill to the station, he chanting a little song of his own composing of which the chorus was Bumbledom, Bumbledom, Bumbledom.

My first association with Lascelles in public life was in or about the year 1889. I was at that time Chairman of the old Harrow School Board, and the late Miss Marion Hewlett had recently, with remarkable prescience and in

the face of much indifference and even ridicule, established in the town the first beginning of a Technical School. The scheme at once appealed to Lascelles, he entered into it with enthusiasm, and Miss Hewlett found in him one of her earliest and keenest supporters. The Committee (mainly co-opted by Miss Hewlett) met in a small room at the back of the old Y.M.C.A. in the High Street, and the classes started in humble fashion and with very scanty funds. But they met a want and the work rapidly grew. Lascelles threw himself into it heartily; his colleagues recognised his ability and his technical and scientific knowledge, and were glad to avail themselves of his judgment and guidance from the outset.

In the course of a year or two the work of the school outgrew its accommodation, and the County Council—influenced chiefly by the nucleus already existing in Miss Hewlett's institute—erected the fine new building in Greenhill, which by this time had become the centre of the population of the Harrow district. In the erection of this building—one of the first Municipal Technical Schools in the county—Lascelles took a keen and practical interest. From the opening of the Institution until his death he was Chairman of the Committee of Management under the County Council.

The success of Lascelles' work in connection with the founding and establishment of the Technical School was proof to his colleagues, and no doubt also to himself, that he possessed special talent and aptitude for work of this kind, and laid in a measure the foundation for the rest of his public career. So, when on the passing of the Education Act, 1902, the old Harrow U. D. School Board was in the following year superseded by the Middlesex County Education Committee, it followed, almost as a matter of course, that he was appointed a Manager of the Harrow Group of Elementary Schools and proved himself as keen and interested in this as in all other branches of education.

Higher education also found in him a vigorous supporter.

He was a Governor of the Harrow Secondary Schools, both Boys' and Girls', and, for the last few years of his life, Chairman of the Governing Body.

In July, 1920, the constitution of the Managers was altered. A Local Committee, which had under its purview and administration elementary, secondary and technical education, was appointed, and Lascelles was elected the first Chairman of this newly constituted body.

Thoroughly conversant as he was with every phase of the education problem, he was able to bring to bear upon all matters that came forward an expert knowledge not excelled by anyone. He was regular and prompt in all his duties, and nothing was too much trouble for him. Small details received the same attention as larger issues.

In the meantime his fellow townsmen had become aware that among them was one ready to devote his time and talents in no unstinted measure to the welfare of the community, and his services were enlisted in other directions than that of education. In March, 1899, he was first elected to the Harrow Urban District Council, and remained a faithful and hardworking member of that body for the rest of his days, a period of twenty-three years. Time and space do not permit more than a brief summary of this long service, but the memory of it lives in the affectionate regard of all with whom he was associated. His entire absence of 'side' of any kind, his readiness to work in the humblest capacity, or to give his help and advice, which was always sound, in large and important schemes are spoken to by all. One indication of it may be recorded. Not long after he joined the Council he had occasion to seek some information from the Clerk, who regretted that he was unable to give it, as the old minute books and records of the Council were not indexed. Lascelles at once offered to take on the job, and take it on he did; devoting many weeks and the whole of his summer holiday to the dull drudgery of this unattractive but most useful work. That was the keynote to whatever he undertook; he always kept himself in the

background, careless, so long as things went right, that his own part in them should go unrecognised.

He served his turn naturally as Chairman, and altogether, at different periods, filled that office for five years.

In 1910 a vacancy arose in the representation of Harrow on the Middlesex County Council, and Lascelles was returned without opposition. With characteristic doubt as to his own fitness, he was with difficulty persuaded to accept the position. It was a different sphere of work from what he had been accustomed to. Middlesex can never be a county in the sense that Yorkshire and Devonshire are counties. Its Council is a large body numbering about seventy all told, comprising every social grade from dukes to dustmen ; the majority of them quite unknown to each other, and hailing from places so wide apart as Staines and Tottenham. The County Councillor is no respecter of persons, a man takes his place among them, not for who he is, but for what he says and does.

In such a gathering Lascelles soon took his place and settled down to work. He was at once appointed on the County Education Committee, and at its meetings both Higher and Elementary he attended regularly, always giving ready and useful help, and bringing to the work knowledge and experience second to none. He did not care much about theories and schemes of education. Discussions on such subjects he left to others, who as a rule knew much less about them, but the practical administration of the schools interested him, and the teachers always found in him a ready champion of their just grievances.

At the Council meetings he spoke seldom and then only when he had something useful to say—would that golden rule were more generally observed—but his speeches, concise and to the point, were always listened to and carried weight.

No record, however inadequate, of Lascelles' public work would be complete without reference to his labours during the war. When that great upheaval came, he took

the view, that, for those who perforce remained at home, there was little to be said or known, and much to be done. In that spirit he threw himself ungrudgingly into the work that lay nearest to his hand. That, in the early days of the war, was naturally the War Help Movement, of which he accepted the office of Hon. Secretary. The movement in Harrow proved a great success, and the chief credit for such success must be given to his tireless labour and organising ability. Day in, day out, for many months together he was to be found in the little office which had been allotted to him at the back of the Council buildings, working long hours with little or no secretarial assistance, checking accounts and returns, card indexing, addressing envelopes, and attending to all such small details, and at the same time accessible, and giving patient hearing, to innumerable callers who came to him for advice or information. Later he took on the further office of Secretary of the War Pensions Committee and afterwards of its Chairman. In these capacities he continued to put in an incredible amount of hard work. He became the personal friend of all the poor disabled service men who had to consult that Committee, and was always ready, without a moment's thought of his own convenience or time, to go into the most minute details of each man's case. Only those with whom business of one kind or another brought him in contact during those depressing days are aware of the extent of his self-denying labours, and many of his friends were not without anxious misgivings that they were telling on his health and strength.

Nor must omission be made of another object especially dear to his heart, the work of the Harrow Guild of Help, of which he was founder and chairman. Indeed it may be described as almost of his own creation, for his was the active brain and sympathetic spirit which inspired it, and his the generous (and anonymous) purse which mainly provided its funds. It is satisfactory to know that the bulk of the Lascelles Memorial Fund raised by his friends and fellow townsmen is to be applied to the continuance and

perpetuation of this benevolent work. In no more fitting manner could it be expended.

But after all a mere recital of Lascelles' public and municipal activities may seem dull reading, to present little that is worthy of record, and to make scanty claims upon the attention of the general observer. Others, it may be said, have done as much in the same direction, possibly even more. But it is the man himself that stands out in the memory of all who knew and worked with him. If the incidents and events of his life, as above set down, seem trivial, even commonplace, yet his own bearing amongst them, his physical and intellectual personality would, if they could be adequately portrayed, present a striking and interesting feature. From boyhood upwards there could never have been a time when he failed to impress in some enduring manner those amongst whom he moved. In later years it was the exceptional quality of his mind and conversation which fascinated and attracted all his associates, even those who were only slightly acquainted with him. An omnivorous reader, with a marvellously retentive and well stored memory, there was no subject he could not touch, and none which, in touching it, he did not adorn. At the meetings of the Harrow Fifty Club¹, of which he was an original member, and for some years President, this gift was very conspicuous. The swift intelligence, quick, incisive, epigrammatic speech, always gave point and distinction to the subject under discussion. And although, as a rule, easily the best talker in the room, there was no 'show off' about it, no parade of knowledge or learning. Of him might be quoted the Johnsonian opinion of Burke: "Burke's talk is the ebullition of his mind, he does not talk from a desire of distinction but because his mind is full." And if he did not talk for distinction, most certainly it may be added that in nought he did was there ever any thought of personal distinction or reward.

¹ A Debating Society.

Some years ago, when he was doing so much and such useful public work, it seemed only fitting that one so well known, so fair-minded, popular and trusted, should be placed on the Bench of Magistrates. He had already acted in that capacity by virtue of his office as Chairman of the District Council, and discharged the duties with the care and regularity he bestowed on all he undertook. He was therefore asked, even pressed, to allow his name to be submitted to the Lord Lieutenant for appointment to the permanent Bench. Always ready to take up any duty that came his way, yet always disliking the limelight of publicity, the position of a magistrate (so sought and coveted by most) did not appeal to him. With a Mark Sabre like readiness to "see the other fellow's point of view," he said he should probably be "sympathising with the poor devil in the dock," even when all the rest were against him, and that he had better keep out of it. On being again asked to reconsider his decision, he said that two friends of his in Harrow knew him and his limitations better than anyone else, and he would leave it to them to decide whether or not he should accept the position. He was perfectly serious in this Mark Sabre-ish attitude, and the two friends—both liking and admiring the man immensely—met in a Harrow garden and for half-an-hour or more solemnly debated whether or not Lascelles was a suitable person to be appointed a magistrate. The result of such debate was that they both reluctantly came to the conclusion that for his own and the work's sake it were better not. When this decision was communicated to Lascelles, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter and delight. "I knew it," he cried, "I knew you would say so, that was why I left it to you."

The entire absence of any self-seeking or thought of personal gain or reward was a marked trait in his character. He was at all times curiously diffident of his own powers, and unconscious of the extent to which he impressed and attracted strangers. Odd little instances of it come back to memory.

When I was serving with him some years ago on the County Higher Education Committee, we were both appointed to the Governing Body of a large Girls' School in the north of London, and in that capacity were bidden to a garden party and prize-giving at the school. It was our first visit, and we agreed to go together, but when the day came I was for some reason or other detained, whereupon Lascelles said he would go on and I was to join him later at the school. On alighting at Finchley Road station more than an hour afterwards, I was surprised to find Lascelles sitting all alone on the platform and evidently amused at my surprise. "When I got thus far," he explained, "a most unaccountable fit of shyness came over me, so I sat here and waited till you came. Now we will go up to the school together." This we did; the unaccountable fit of shyness vanished into thin air, and the chief memory of a very pleasant afternoon function is that Lascelles was the life and soul of it. He chatted and talked with everyone; teachers, staff, parents and girls were all alike delighted with him, more especially when, after watching for some time that most graceful of all girls' games, basket-ball, he stepped forward and showed the players how easy it was—for him—to *put*, instead of throwing, the ball into the basket.

I am indebted to the Rev. B. F. Simpson, now Rector of Stepney and formerly Missioner in charge of St. Peter's Church, Harrow, for the following account of some characteristic 'civic' service rendered by Lascelles:—

"In 1912, the members of St. Peter's Church, which was then in course of building, arranged for a big bazaar at the Public Hall in November, with a view to securing enough money to open the church free of debt during the following year. With a desire to make the bazaar something out of the ordinary, it was decided to turn the Hall into a representation of the old Harrow High Street, and to perform some episodes of local history as a side-show.

"As Missioner in charge of the church, I naturally turned

to Lascelles for help in this scheme. For one thing, he frequently worshipped at St. Peter's, and he had anonymously given the largest single contribution to the building fund. And, apart from this, he was known himself to have mooted the performance of a Harrow Pageant on a large scale. (This idea was in a manner carried out in 1923.) He responded with his usual enthusiasm, and in a very short space produced the words of two scenes connected with the school, the appearance of its founder, John Lyon, with his charter from Queen Elizabeth, at a Manor-court in Harrow, at which all the details of the foundation of the school were arranged; and a charming fancy picture of the reception of the news of Waterloo in the old Fourth Form Room under Dr. George Butler's headship. I added two scenes from the church history of Harrow, the consecration of the parish church by Anselm, and the visit of Becket (the Manor of Harrow being then the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury) on his way to martyrdom at Canterbury. Lascelles stage-managed the rehearsals of his own episodes with unfailing verve and humour, and was also a tower of strength to the whole production. No member of the caste will ever forget the *bonhomie* with which he entered into the amateur efforts of preparation, dropping into the part of every person and with admirable diction shewing how it ought to be done. When it came to a demonstration how love should be made to a female performer five feet high, the effect was 'immense.'

"It was mainly due to Lascelles' perpetual inspiration that the side-show became the chief attraction of the bazaar. So vast a crowd turned up for the performance of the episodes, which were given in pairs afternoon and evening, that the police stood by with the fire-brigade, ready for any emergency, even the collapse of the floor.

"It was decided to reproduce this little Pageant as a separate performance in February, 1913, when two new episodes were added, one of the events of the Reformation as they affected Harrow, and the other an imaginary scene,

evolved by Lascelles, showing the effect of the Edict of Constantine in A.D. 315 on the little British village nestling on the side of Harrow Hill. It was characteristic of him that he insisted on our producing a Welshman to take the part of the British chief, and that his own conversation became tinged with Welsh idiom at a time when he was securing the correct local colour for British Harrow.

“After the war the whole series of scenes was revived again in 1920, and a seventh episode added, which showed Harrow men of various kinds meeting in Flanders on the morning of the Armistice. Once more Lascelles threw himself into the work of preparation and carried through with his old zest, bringing down his own properties carefully collected or manufactured, for each of his episodes. The performance took place at St. Peter's Parish Hall and was given five times, the little room being crowded on each occasion. Lascelles himself took the part of Dr. George Butler, and managed to make a humorous scene sound a deep note of piety. The ovation given him at the end of the proceedings, representing as it did the love and respect of over sixty performers, must have been a happy recollection for the remaining two years of his life.”

It is true, as stated at the outset, that different groups of Lascelles' friends will continue to think and talk of him from different points of view, but to have enjoyed for over thirty years the privilege of knowing him as a near neighbour, dear friend and genial fellow-worker and yet confine oneself to one side only of his many sided character is an exercise in restraint. But editorial rules must be obeyed, and a chapter on his municipal life and work must be kept within allotted limits. Otherwise it would have been a grateful task to say something of him from a social point of view, of the pleasure it always gave, when he dropped in unexpectedly (never when asked) preferably on Sunday afternoon, entered a room full of boys, young people, chance visitors from London; picked up at once the ball of conversation, wherever, or on whatever subject it might

be, and tossed it to and fro with the easy and playful humour, the ready wit which came so naturally to him, and which charmed all who met him. It would be a pleasure to tell of holidays in Cornwall and elsewhere with one of the most delightful of travelling companions, and little anecdotes and incidents arising thereout. But all such memories as these will be better and more fully recalled by others. One common memory however remains to all his friends, whomsoever and wheresoever, their grief for the loss of one who was liked and loved by all who knew him, and most of all by those who knew him best. If testimony were needed, the attendance at his funeral, the largest on record at Harrow, would afford it.

Then, finally, the manner of his death. No friend of Lascelles can think of it without recalling, first, the shock with which the suddenness of it came, secondly, the consoling thought that it was just the end he would himself have wished. A brief hour previously he had been engaged on one of his usual daily 'grinds,' a Cottage Hospital Committee, had walked home, cheerily chatting and talking with two friends, and bidden them good night at his gate. Half-an-hour afterwards the end had come. *Felix opportunitate mortis* indeed! A lingering illness would have been impossible to his bright and active spirit. At a Fifty Club meeting, on one occasion, when 'Dr. Johnson' was the subject for discussion, Lascelles with that curious love of paradox which so distinguished him, contended that Johnson's chief merit as an author lay in his poetry, and quoted with approval the doctor's well known rugged lines 'On the death of Dr. Levett,' including the last verse:

" Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death gently snapped the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way."

A. K. CARLYON.

